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EMIGRÉ MAGAZINE

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EMIGRÉ



(A Magazine for Exiles)

EMIGRÉ 1 Indisputably, completely sold out. Emigré was first printed in a limited edition of 500 copies and distributed in San Francisco and Los Angeles only. If you come across a copy, make sure you buy it. It's a true collector's item. 1984, 32 PAGES, 11 X 7 1/2 IN.

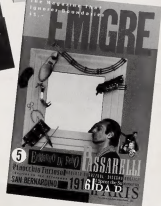
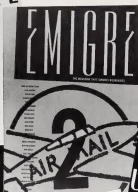
EMIGRÉ 2 Printed in a limited edition of 500. Emigré 2 features among others an interview with Spanish filmmaker, pull-out concert by Sean Wilentz and Bert Randolph, and portraits of well-known exiles such as Roberto Rossellini and Jack Kerouac. By Peter Best, William S. Burroughs, Marc Sasse and Tom Gorman. 1985, 32 PAGES, 11 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. IN 1985 (RARE); 5 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1985 (RARE) INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

EMIGRÉ 3 Features the art of Carol Flors, Didier Comhen, Michelle Diques and East Chicago. Poetry by Lisa Cohen and Tom Clark, as well as a bilingual poem by Louis Ruffalo. Short stories by John Lurie and Peter Place and an interview with Dutch screenplay writer Thom Heug. Pull-out poster also included. 1986, 32 PAGES, 11 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1986 (RARE); 5 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1986 (RARE) INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

EMIGRÉ 4 State-of-the-art computer typography and typographies are explored throughout this issue. Featuring the art of Mark Eliga, Hans Ragsdale, John Berry, Sean Wilentz and Didier Comhen. It opens with the 1979 poem "The Consolation of Sam Peckinpah" by Robert Service, illustrated by William Cost. Other contributors include Alice Polinsky, Peter Place, John Ruffalo and Designer Avenue. With an excerpt from John Lurie's 1979 novel "Rub the Best". This is a selection of poetry from the Emigré Jewish readings in Los Angeles in 1985, with an introduction by Marc Sasse. Full color Emigré pull-out poster included. 1986, 32 PAGES, 11 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1986 (RARE); 5 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1986 (RARE) INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

EMIGRÉ 5 Midtown Manhattan. Presenting the art of William Kerecinski, with an interview by Jeffrey Rosenberg. Other contributors are Roberto Rossellini, Francesco De Seta, Gaetano Nostrini, Susan Rice, Sam Rabin, Didier Comhen and pull-out poem by Peter Place. 1986, 32 PAGES, 11 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1986 (RARE); 5 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1986 (RARE) INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

POSTER/ART PROJECT A visually playful bookwork by graphic designer Rudy Ruckelshaus. Image text and binding are artistically joined to make a clever and subtle statement about pictures found in an urban environment. The book was produced as an artist-in-residence project at the Visual Studies Workshop in Rochester, NY. 1986, 16 PAGES, FULL COLOR, 5 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1986 (RARE); 5 X 7 1/2 IN. PUBL. 1986 (RARE) INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING.



(em'a grā)

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and Scott Williams
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15. Two Paintings by Karen Bouglas

The contributors to this issue do not represent or belong to one specific style or art movement. With work ranging from Post-Punk Expressionism to classical Romanticism, they have only one thing in common: what brings them together here in *Emigre* magazine is their multi-cultural interests and backgrounds. All of these artists' lives have been strongly influenced and enriched by exposure to various cultures. Most have lived in different countries, some have traveled extensively, while others have never ventured outside their city limits but have dreams and ideas that extend far beyond any boundaries. Together, they present an international blend of art and literature. With this special issue, we are further exploring "Emigre" magazine's underlying theme, that of "International Culture."

CONTRIBUTORS

Born and raised in Japan and educated in the United States, **Garvin Hatt** is a painter whose work has been widely exhibited in Tokyo, San Francisco and New York. **Andrea Goldstein** moved to San Francisco 2 years ago from her native Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. She works as a freelance photographer in the fields of architecture and portraiture. Canadian artist **John Henry** adjusted to his new home in California as easily as to the computer field of computer art. His illustrations (both digital and analog) have been published in "Visual Arts," "Walker Lines," "The West" and many other magazines in the U.S., Canada, and Japan. **Stefano Mascell** is a fashion and product photographer who often ventures into art photography. He was born in Buenos Aires and came to America in 1986. The association **David Neuman** is gaining recognition as internationally renowned design studio, with offices in New York, Montreal and Melbourne, California. Their work has been exhibited and exhibited worldwide. **Scott King** is an artist and writer who lives in San Diego. She produces books as well as art of various sizes. **Wendee Tapp** is a performance artist/visual artist who has been creating works for her multimedia performances. She was a member of the band **Headcase** and spent 7 years recording and performing with them in England, Montreal and Chicago, where she's currently working on her solo album. The late activist and co-founder of the **Black Panther Party** in Detroit, Colorado, his father had to go to prison to write a book designed as a major theme in his father's book and that's a theme, which has been translated into Dutch, German and French. **Kathie Kay Taylor Abbie Publishing** is a San Francisco-based publisher who has, among others, written for, the San Francisco Chronicle and the San Francisco Chronicle. She is the consulting editor of "Emigre" magazine. **Didier Cremenx** is a multi-media artist who lives in Berkeley, New York. He has frequently collaborated on paintings, films, and recently with his long time friend, artist **Scott Williams** (the member of "Black Dog") who lives in Santa Barbara, California. **Jeffrey Browning** is the founder and past owner of **Midwestern Gallery** in San Francisco, California. He has written for "Art and Architecture" and published novels.

except as art and artist. **Scott Brown** is a public of who lives in Montreal, Montreal. He is a frequent contributor to "South West" and "South West" (the bi-monthly magazine published by the Midwestern Ministry of Mothers, Health, and Cultural Affairs). **Wend Tapp** is a visual artist who has with many words and his work has been published in such year by year events as "Midwestern Distribution," "West," "The West," and the Japanese magazine "The West." **Wendee Tapp** is a writer and photographer who lives in San Diego. She lives in Berkeley, New York and has immediate goals include: starting the world's largest international art community in San Francisco, B.C., and most national company. **John Henry** is a fashion and product photographer who lives in the University of California, Berkeley. He has written for "Emigre," "The West" and "The West." **Scott King** is an artist and writer who lives in San Diego. She produces books as well as art of various sizes. **Wendee Tapp** is a performance artist/visual artist who has been creating works for her multimedia performances. She was a member of the band **Headcase** and spent 7 years recording and performing with them in England, Montreal and Chicago, where she's currently working on her solo album. The late activist and co-founder of the **Black Panther Party** in Detroit, Colorado, his father had to go to prison to write a book designed as a major theme in his father's book and that's a theme, which has been translated into Dutch, German and French. **Kathie Kay Taylor Abbie Publishing** is a San Francisco-based publisher who has, among others, written for, the San Francisco Chronicle and the San Francisco Chronicle. She is the consulting editor of "Emigre" magazine. **Didier Cremenx** is a multi-media artist who lives in Berkeley, New York. He has frequently collaborated on paintings, films, and recently with his long time friend, artist **Scott Williams** (the member of "Black Dog") who lives in Santa Barbara, California. **Jeffrey Browning** is the founder and past owner of **Midwestern Gallery** in San Francisco, California. He has written for "Art and Architecture" and published novels.

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D N A

L O U I S I A N A



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INTRODUCTION

An emigre is, of course, an emigrant; one who emigrates, leaving one country for another, especially for political reasons. American history is above all a story of emigrants, a circumstance of no little irony due

to the fact of our having killed off almost the entire native American Indian population. Our treatment of African, Mexican, Chinese, and Japanese wouldn't win us any humanitarian awards either. And the loss is certainly ours because their cultures are much older and richer than our own. Obviously American freedom and tolerance has been exaggerated, but unhappily prejudice and intolerance is even greater in other parts of the world. Rather than dwelling upon the dismal plight of refugees, however, I would like to consider the cultural mix which is the single most outstanding quality of life in America.

White Anglo-Saxon protestants may still constitute the largest segment of the American population but in the cities where culture is created and destroyed they are well under fifty percent. Minuties, taken together, are in fact, the majority. New York and Los Angeles are each, respectively, one of the largest Puerto Rican and Mexican cities in the world. There are Chinatowns, Japantowns, Little Italies, etc. in many of our cities but, nevertheless only a pathetic minority of native English speaking Americans can speak a foreign language. How many perfectly lucid conversationalists in English must we have with multilingual citizens of the world before we are shamed into learning at least one foreign language? Were our minds in our stomachs we'd be virtual linguistic prodigies, but alas, our menu French, Italian, Spanish, and Japanese still does not prevent us from being culturally illiterate. Without a knowledge of any other language and culture we can have no illuminating perspective on our own.

In an age of international communications and travel even local pride of place and cultural pretense is increasingly multifaceted. Today a Boston housewife can become president of the Philippines, and bad international public relations can cause the downfall of a decades old dictatorship. Students all over the world are demonstrating against South African apartheid, although I can't help but wonder what, if anything, is being done to eliminate racism at home.

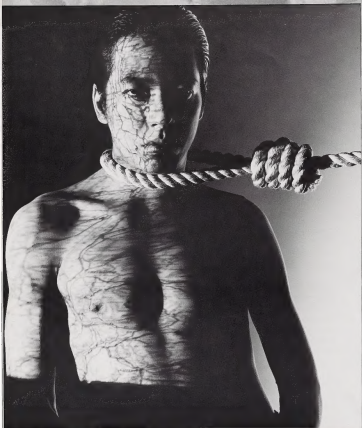
Far more interesting than politics or economics, admittedly the two strongest forces of international change, are the cultures of emigrants who historically are often outstanding artists, writers, musicians, scientists, dancers, and teachers. In American history, especially, emigres have been not only the bringers of culture, but also the agents of our own self awareness. Such people differ dramatically from isolationist political and economic refugees who are content to live in their respective ethnic ghettos without assimilating themselves to the new culture which surrounds them. Their alienation is literal, and they can only fail at their attempts to reconstruct the past. Worse still, their ignorance magnifies their insecurity.

Now that it is possible to fly anywhere in the world in less than a day, and even the lowest common cultural denominator, the daily newspaper, has international news, culture no longer recognizes any boundaries. Hence, culture is a matter of psychology and tradition, of inclination and desire, and not of simple geography or lack of choice. It is possible to have 24/24 vision and still be culturally blind. We see, ultimately, with our minds, and just as our eyes shift their focus from one object or direction to another, it is more vital that our minds shift focus and perspective in order to understand and value the content of our lives.

When Rudy VanderLans, the Art Director of Emigre magazine, moved from Amsterdam to San Francisco five years ago he experienced less culture shock in moving from one cosmopolitan city to another than would someone moving from Nebraska to San Francisco. And because boundaries are no longer relevant, whether or not one is an emigre is more a matter of personal culture than of passports or birthplaces. It is possible to travel half way around the world and still be in the same rut and, conversely, to be very cosmopolitan without leaving home.

May we suggest that you add a foreign art or literature to your cultural diet to supplement your pasta, sushi, and burritos? You'll discover that they are highly nutritious, richer than any dessert, and contain absolutely no calories! You'll be surprised at the extensive menu offered in Emigre, the magazine of international culture.

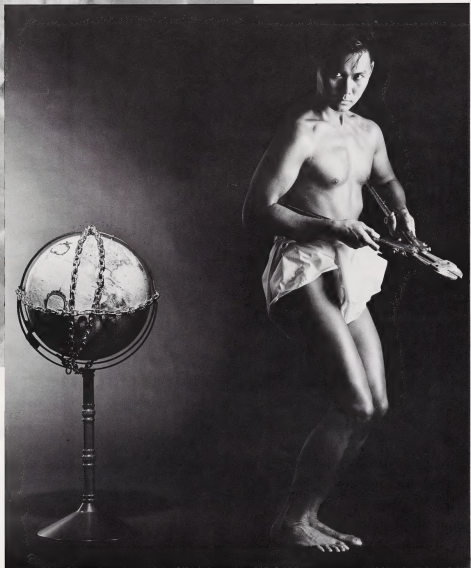
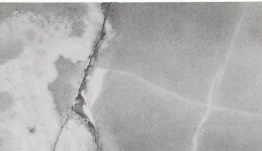
Jeffrey Browning, San Francisco, November 1986



HOME AWAY FROM HOME

Winston Tong and Paul Kwan Photographed by Stefano **Massei**

Make up by Moucci. Very Special thanks to Sputnik





The History of the World

Painted in 1980 in a garage in Venice, California, "The History of the World" (35' x 4') is a

collaborative painting by American poster artist Scott Williams and French multi-media artist Sidier.

Cremieux. Sidier spoke with both Scott and Sidier, who live in Santa Barbara and Brooklyn

respectively.



SCOTT WILLIAMS

SIDIER: How did you guys meet?

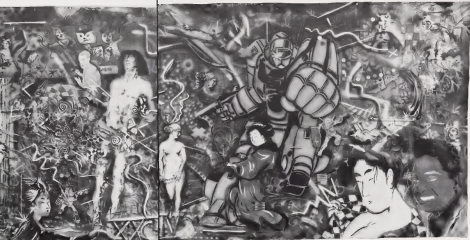
SCOTT: We met at the Compound in San Francisco, the first Punk shopping mall. Scott had a small gallery space there. We met when I went there to show him my work. Later on he came to see me in my studio and we talked about art. I was into "Blissism" at that time - a lot of things floating around on canvases without any definite shape. Talking with Scott about art, I felt that we definitely shared views and interests. Scott was using spray paints at the time, and I was using airbrush. In technique it was pretty complementary. We were both using stencils, and again we shared many interests: history, the space shuttle, Japanese comic books, etc.

SIDIER: When did you first start your collaboration?

SCOTT: We collaborated on a couple of murals in San Francisco. This was in 1980, I believe. All of the murals are now destroyed. One was at the Goodman Building on Van Ness, another in a beauty shop, I forget where.

SIDIER: Yes, we did three murals and one billboard. One of the murals was along the same lines as "History of the World." We've been real bad about making pictures, nothing's been recorded. We would barely get enough money for the paint to do the murals. We'd buy some Mexican food and work all night for three nights in a row. We had quite a collection of stencils then, and we kept using them in different combinations.

SCOTT: We had developed similar styles. We had both done a lot of xerox copying earlier, but became frustrated by the size limitations of xerox art. I started doing stencils. The first stencil I cut out of magazine covers, the "National Enquirer," etc. One image in particular I wanted to make bigger, so I borrowed a projector. Sidier had started using a projector too. In a way the stencils were similar to using the xerox machine. We could do multiples, but we were no longer restricted by size. We started doing murals together because we were attracted to the size. We had so much room to fill lots of images, but most of the walls we did the murals on didn't last more than a year. Buildings were torn down. So



we decided to start doing them on canvas. I bought the biggest piece of canvas I could find. The idea behind the "History of the World" was to take all the stencils we had at the time and apply all of them to the canvas. We started using black and white and built up color as we got more certain about where we wanted things. We used car paints, airbrush, anything that gave us the right color. It took us three weekends to finish the painting but it took a year before we first showed it.

DIDER: I had rented this garage near a canal in Venice. It was a big two car garage, nice weather all summer long, and Scott had just moved to the valley. He visited me in Venice on the weekends. We would just kinda hang out, do some painting, spend time on the beach. It was a great time. We had always wanted to put all our images together. "The History of the World" was kind of an accumulation of these. Most of the images in "The History of the World" were used in earlier paintings. We didn't really have any more opportunities to do murals, so we decided to apply these images to canvas. It was great to collaborate. We'd talk briefly about the images we were going to use, talk about composition, size of images, where they would go on the canvas, but we never talked very long. We just started painting. One of us would paint a certain area and then we'd get out of the garage because the fumes would get pretty bad. We'd hang out in the garden, go back in and we'd kinda rotate. We only worked on the weekends, we both had odd jobs to pay for the rent.

DIDER: What kind of material do you use for the stencils?

SCOTT: Butcher paper. The most important thing is to be able to cut it easily. What makes it deteriorate is all the layers of paint that accumulate. It doesn't matter what you start out with. You will wear out your hands trying to cut cardboard.

ENRIE: Tell me about your use of imagery.

SCOTT: We are both fascinated by Japanese comic books. We feel we have a lot in common with them, especially the way they fill the page.

DIDER: We both lived fairly close to Japantown in San Francisco. We loved

to go to the bookstores there and look at the Japanese books. I remember the colors being so bright, and there was so much movement and activity. What fascinated me most, though, were the comics that had so many images on a page. And this was for six year old kids! The pages were just crammed with pictures and little explanations on how things worked. For a kid to take in so much information must be mind-blowing. Curiosity rules my life, and those cartoons made me very curious. I've been in love with them ever since I first saw them.

DIDER: Why the title "The History of the World?"

SCOTT: It is not a very accurate title. Maybe it should be "A Non-Linear History of the World." It didn't start at one end and develop.

ENRIE: Do you think that 50 years from now a painting like "The History of the World" will still be enjoyed by people? Are there certain aesthetic qualities in the painting that make it timeless?

DIDER: I am not sure in terms of aesthetics. I think the painting is significant and stands out because of the collaboration itself. There are not that many examples of collaboration in painting. I feel the style we are using in "The History of the World" is almost decorative. It deals more with style and is not as introverted as most painting is, although the imagery is filled with very personal symbolism and meaning, representative of our interests. But again, by using a somewhat decorative style, the collaboration was made easier.

SCOTT: Yes, I think so. It is very representative of our time. This is its value. There are not a lot of people I can collaborate with, and Didier and I had our difficulties occasionally. But we shared enough ideas for it to work out. Didier leans more towards graphic art, I like Expressionism. So it balances out nicely between us.

Marla Muller at Modernism Gallery in San Francisco recently acquired "The History of the World." It was shown at the Emigre magazine benefit party on August 28, 1988 at Modernism Gallery in San Francisco.

Painting by Didier Cremieux and Scott Williams



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Torso de Mulher

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KAREN DOUGLAS

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F O R D**

Part 2

(em'ə grā')



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BOB HOPE by John Hersey

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Museum: the Rotterdam Art Foundation, funded by the municipal council and spread over a number of different locations. There were various exhibition premises and a theatre.

Reports on the numerous exhibitions and on theatre, music, film and literature appeared in a periodical issued by the Foundation and entitled "Magazijn." For many years the paper was designed by Willem Kars of the Grafische Werkplaats (Graphic Workshop). Visual contributions were also invited from guest designers, among them Henk Dierga and Rick Vermeulen, who will show up again later on in this article.

"Magazijn" provided a fair amount of scope for experimentation with graphic and typographic tools. In addition, because the Graphic Workshop was a meeting place for a mixed group of graphic designers, artists and theatre people - a constant stream of film, theatre and exhibition posters rolled off the presses - intensive cooperation developed.

Before long, they decided that they would like to publish their "own" magazine, with literary contributions and informative articles on art, film, architecture and so forth. While featuring Rotterdam activities, the editors also wanted to take a look at what was going on beyond the city limits. The design - including advertisements - was to be left entirely to the editors.

Willem Kars conceived the semi-ironic title of "Hard Werken" (hard work). I say "semi-ironic" because quite a lot of the inhabitants of the port city are romantics at heart but are also known for their hard working spirit and remarks such as "roll up your sleeves" and "put your back into it."

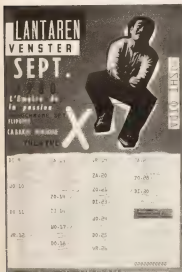
First issues, in large format, appeared between 1979 and 1982. At first the design had a somewhat collage-like appearance, a mixture of typewriter print, bold uncluttered titles, hand-drawn or copied illustrations. Photography, ranging from amateur to highly professional, the reproductions either left untouched or expressively painted over, was a major ingredient right from the start. Other resources were fully exploited, and the colorful covers testified to the experience of the Graphic Workshop that went into them.

The "Hard Werken" magazine was thus part of a tradition which has occasionally been dubbed "anti-typographical" by "classic" typographers, but which has its own fields of application, and has frequently leaned towards artistic experimentation. This tradition ranges from Bada, via Piet Zwart and Paul Schullens in the twenties and thirties and via the postwar work of Dick Dijkers, Willem Sandberg and Jan Bom, to the cheerful anarchy of the sixties, when the offset revolution in the printing world seemed to be a part of a cultural revolution in the Netherlands.

Magazines like Willem de Ridder's "Hifweak" and later Piet Schreuders' "Furor" ignored the rules of classic typography and to an even greater extent the "grid" typography as exemplified by designer Wim Crouwel and the Total Design studio.



COLORED THIRD ULTRACOLOR MAGAZINE, 1981



RECHT / WEESPEER LANTAREN / VENSTER 1980

Art students, too, were carrying out more and more graphic and typographic experiments; art departments started calling themselves "Visual Communication" departments, the upshot being that photography, film and video combined with the traditional graphic subjects. The graphic experiments of the twenties were rediscovered, particularly photo-montage and the political function that could be given to an expressive combination of word and image. There was a lively interest in the debates between the "traditionalists" and the "innovators," as Wim Crouwel called them. The two groups are apparently still at odds with one another, as evidenced by the opening comments in this article.

At the art schools, there was also frequent feedback between students of the fine art departments and the graphic section, as at the Enchède Academy, where such cooperation led to the publication of the magazine "De Enchède School," along similar lines to "Hard Werken."

The different backgrounds of the members of "Hard Werken's" editorial board had an extremely bracing effect on their joint efforts. The graphic designers had no opportunity to lapse into routine designs, and the fine artists were forced to recognize the limitations of the printed medium. This all had its effect; the magazine took on an increasingly professional appearance, as well as being innovative. The design clearly adopted a non-neutral attitude to the text, and intensified it by using a typography style that was expressive, imaginative and aggressive. After the first few issues, some of the editors decided that they would like to cooperate in other areas of design as well. In 1980 they therefore founded the VERENIGING HARD WERKEN (HARD WERKEN ASSOCIATION).

Renting a communal studio and appointing a business manager gave the group an opportunity to work both individually and as a team, to criticize one another's work and to learn from one another's efforts. Rick Vermeulen and Helen Howard, graphic designers, learned to look beyond their special field by collaborating with Jan Willem de Kok, a video producer, and Tom van den Hage, who mainly designed stage scenery. Conversely, Henk Diegen and Gerard Hoeders, who were originally trained as fine artists in Rotterdam, eventually discovered their primary activity was spatial and graphic design.

What links the products of these individual designers? Do they have some "Rotterdam" feature in common? In his foreword to the "Art from Rotterdam" show, curator Wim Beeren mentioned particular "Rotterdam accents":

"... a certain hardness combined with sentimentality, a glossy aesthetic, borrowed more or less ironically from commercial design; lastly, a friendly sense of fun which occasionally collapses into rough humor. It is a line that runs from Geert van Golden and Woody van Amen to the present..."

There's some truth in that. It is visible, for example, in a certain preference for the forms and materials of the fifties, in designs for unfunctional lamps or tables. This latter aspect is plainly a protest at the increasingly unquestioning acceptance of the demands of "functional" design, experienced as hampering to all fantasy and creativity. It turned out to be an international phenomenon in view of the wave of "postmodern" design, with Memphis and Achroma as trendsetters. (Incidentally, it was the Rotterdam Art Foundation that towards the end of 1980 introduced the new design tendencies with an exhibition of Sabias and Brandt.)

It was no coincidence that HARD WERKEN people ceased to concentrate on uncluttered, geometric, drawing-board products, but started considering random, whimsical, found-on-the-street forms. This "found" quality is an important feature of Tom van den Hage's furniture. His products were basically intended for a brief appearance in stage productions, which is why he gave these three-dimensional objects such

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

extreme shapes, the emphasis being more on ambiguous symbolism than on comfortable functionality. Another theatrical aspect is his use of material and color.

Prehistoric forms, seemingly carved out of rock, turned out on closer inspection to be sawn out of polystyrene foam and glass painted in an unlikely color; noble marble turned out to be shipboard sprayed with caustic. The objects were not what they seemed. They were individualized, sometimes deliberately primitive; sublimity and banality going hand in hand. This was HARD WERKEN's way of puncturing some of the pretensions, dogmatic balloons which industrial designers are so fond of tying. The same applies to the lamps designed by Henk Diegen and Gerard Hadders: the fact that they provide light is incidentally; the forms refer to something else, to the world beyond, as sculpture sometimes does: ambiguous, veiled, like a totem pole. They have curious names such as "Nombassa," "Trapezium," or "My Father."

Based on a similar principle are their designs for exhibition installations and decor: the unexpected form of industrial waste or the vagaries of natural materials inspire new forms which are diametrically opposed to pure functionality.

The graphic designers have taken similar liberties in their search for unusual or forgotten forms—eclecticism, if you like. Their most flagrant achievement, a few years ago, was to put aside "functional" and "systematic" typography, a form of design which was originally very important, but which in the hands of mediocre designers soon wilted. Rick Vermeulen, Helen Howard and Gerard Hadders embarked on a search for almost forgotten lettering genes of the past, typefaces with personality that were buried by increasing dogmatism and the desire for "functionality" and "legibility." The symbolism and expression of such "retrieved" typefaces were also reexamined; traditional arrangement was no longer feasible and needed reinforcing with unusual color schemes, different spacing, and "abrasive" use of material. The "Hard Werken" magazine gave graphic designers complete freedom to experiment, a chance they rarely got otherwise. "We don't have a collective style. Some of us work intuitively, others with more deliberate control, but we're all different. A lot can be used, though. In that sense we are fairly aggressive. It looks as if we combine every conceivable color and typeface. With the magazine, we don't bother very much about sticking to the rules, or about what is proper. Nor are we concerned with functionality or legibility, but rather with the total picture, even if that picture is illegible at times..."

There are refreshing sounds in a profession which had elevated the term "legibility," nothing but a cultural convention, into a quasi-scientific dogma. Even better, the HARD WERKEN designers are obviously able to put their ideas into practice in a convincing fashion. What for one person was "new ugliness" triggered "recognition" for another, symbolizing freedom and anti-dogmatism. Why isn't type "allowed" to be more than the bare bones? Why aren't you supposed to use a goldleaf on the cover of a literary book? Why "can't" a title be widely spaced? Sea-green, maroon—forbidden colors? In short, HARD WERKEN broke the rules, and what happened? There was an unending stream of orders for designs of bookcovers, posters, magazines, museum catalogs, TV titles and eventually even Dutch postage stamps.

As well as using type creatively, HARD WERKEN uses new forms of photography as a major innovative aspect of their graphic products. The photographs they use for posters or bookcovers involve on one hand a form of theatre, of "staged photography" obviously due to the group's theatrical connections, and on the other a fair amount of attention to the often self-made object before, the rough and expressive aspect of our culture's waste products. Taken all together, this endows HARD WERKEN's work with a peculiar kind of twisted, intriguing vitality. I regard it as a compliment to their work that it is admired by some and slavishly imitated by others.

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SANCHEZ DESIGN "HARDWERK" 1984



POSTER "INTERFEST FILM FESTIVAL" 1985

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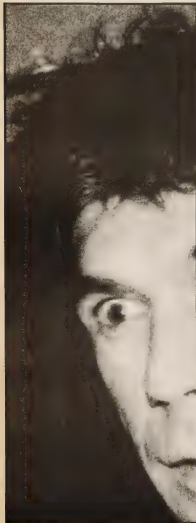


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Tuxedomoon's Principle



Often, what is once termed "Avant Garde" quickly becomes the status quo, becomes "de rigueur," when Tuxedomoon was formed in the embryonic punk halcyon days of San Francisco (circa 1977), the band was justly considered Avant Garde in its experimental approach to music and live performance. Nearly ten years, numerous records, several labels and a continental move later, Tuxedomoon is still probing its own musical limits.

Tuxedomoon is a band in constant evolution. After recording for the iconoclastic Ralph Records for several years, Tuxedomoon left San Francisco in 1982 for Brussels and a more open-minded and cosmopolitan creative atmosphere. Establishing themselves as one of the most distinctive and successful fringe music/multi-media arts groups in Europe, the band has enjoyed a fruitful career overseas.

As part of an American tour to promote their most recent album "Ship of Fools," Tuxedomoon returned to San Francisco for concerts at Club DVB and the I-Beam in June 1986. These were the first concerts they did in their home town since they left for Europe five years ago. Emigre talked to Peter Principle, one of Tuxedomoon's founding members, about the band's bi-cultural existence.

EMIGRE: Why is it that more people in Holland know about Tuxedomoon than here in San Francisco, your home town?

PETER: It depends on what year you are talking about. We are known where we hold a high profile. In 1980 we moved to Rotterdam, we made records on Dutch labels, we made a lot of connections with Dutch people, then we were known more in Holland. In '79 we were big heroes here in San Francisco, but haven't played here for 6 years. A lot of people don't know we are still in existence. Also, San Francisco is the kind of place that people move in and out of without staying very long and there is a whole new crowd of people now than when we were last here.

EMIGRE: Why did you leave San Francisco, and why did you decide to go to Rotterdam?

PETER: It's a long story. We were on our second tour in Europe and wanted to get out of San Francisco. We couldn't agree on any place to move to. Some people had told us we could stay in this house in Rotterdam. We got in touch and made a record with BackStreet Backlash. It was kind of an underground record that we made in their 8-track studio.

EMIGRE: Were you really planning on leaving America for good?

PETER: Yes and no. What we were planning on doing was seeing the world. We never thought we were going to end up staying in Europe for 5 years without coming

back to America. Some of the people of Tuxedomoon have come back on their own, but not the entire band.

ENIGMA: You were in Rotterdam for 5 years?

PETER: No, we ended up in Brussels, because we couldn't find enough work in Rotterdam.

ENIGMA: What did you find in Europe that you couldn't find here in America?

PETER: It wasn't that I was finding anything there that I didn't find here, I just liked it better. I wasn't really looking for anything. I liked the food there, compared to American food, things like that, very simple stuff. When we left America we were doing fine here and we thought, "Well, let's go where we're not doing fine." Because it is easy to not see how small you are, if you think you are big in a small place. So we thought, "Let's go out in the real world." On a certain level, the reception of us in Europe was different than here. In Europe they got more cultural ways of looking at things than America, where everything is based on the dollar. Here it's more like, "How much money did you make? OK, you are a success, it's good what you are doing."

ENIGMA: Do you draw larger audiences in Europe?

PETER: In certain places yes. It depends on how often we've been there. In Italy we once drew the largest crowd we've ever had - bigger than the biggest crowd we've ever had here. But otherwise it's often the same as here in S.F., or even less sometimes.

ENIGMA: Is the audience appreciation better in Europe?

PETER: We were more accepted for what we were doing in a way, which I don't know is a good thing or not, because now we come back here and we are back where we started from. When we first went there we thought, "Wow this is great, these people here really understand artists," but that's a lot of crap. So we had to stay there and realize that the European audience only wanted us to do what they wanted us to do, just like these people here in San Francisco. And that's good, if I am a paying customer I want to see what I want to see too, it's good, we are trying to do all these things at once, please the crowds and do our own music without being too affected by it.

ENIGMA: What's the reason for these concerts in America?

PETER: We are on tour here in America. We have an American label after 5 years, and we are trying to get back into the American market because there is obviously a lot more money here than in Europe. And we need it. Things are not so easy. "Ship of Fools" is the first record to come out in America in 5 years. This tour is to help promote the album.

ENIGMA: The flip side of "Ship of Fools," your most recent album, would lend itself perfectly to the movies. Is Tuxedomoon involved in doing movie scores?

PETER: We did the film music for a Dutch movie, the name of which escapes me, but the filmmaker's name is Bob Vosse, and we are doing another sound track for him later in the season.

ENIGMA: Is that interesting work money-wise?

PETER: I wish there was more work because you don't get paid a lot of money, but it's lucrative enough. Later you can put it out on record because you end up with the tapes for free. You know the money is not the major factor, that's for sure, but I know Tuxedomoon could do good soundtrack music. Because of that I wish we had more offers. We have the record company in Los Angeles now, maybe they will get us some movie work. I know we can do that well. I have myself worked on video soundtracks and Steven Brown has done some movie soundtracks. Everybody has

Tuxedomo

always said that our music is very "soundtracky." Many people have made visuals to our music.

Also in Holland and Belgium there are many so called "art movies" being made. Lots of them are sponsored or subsidized by the government. So there is always some money to begin with, and that's the key to it. In America you have less of that. That's back to that whole thing I was saying about culture in Europe. The government gives money to those filmmakers, but who goes to see their movies? Not the regular people in the street. So the movies don't make any money. It's not really that you are getting anywhere because the government gives you the money, but at least they give you the money. Here, if you can really get people's attention they flock in the millions, but in Europe they won't come anyway. Maybe for a week. It is a strange thing to be doing, trying to bottle entertainment and success and still keep your artistic integrity and remember what you are doing and at the same time earn a living. It's all pretty fascinating and actually a great challenge.

INQUIRER *It's interesting to see an American band moving to Europe. Certainly the trend is for most European bands to come to the U.S. to make it big.*

PETER We sort of did this intuitively on purpose for those reasons. We're often trying to swim against the current, test our muscles, as it were. We've always managed to avoid being pegged by the media as a punk or post-punk or new wave or electronic or experimental or whatever the hell and we would like to keep one step ahead of it all, so we don't become a package to hang on the wall that's been finished. We are an ongoing project. I don't think we will ever perfect our thing because it is always too far ahead of us. But not so far ahead, I hope, that the audience just gets annoyed because we are pretentious.

INQUIRER *Is it to your advantage being an American band in Belgium? Does it add to your "differentness" and does it give you an edge over local bands?*

PETER Yes I am sure about that. I am sorry to say, but it is true.

INQUIRER *Were you aware of that when you left for Europe, that you could use that in your search for fame and fortune?*

PETER No, not exactly, actually we thought when we first went to Europe that we would have an international lifestyle. I expected by now to have apartments in Japan and New York. I don't mean expensive apartments, I mean places to stay with keys I could give to friends when I wasn't there. But in fact it didn't work out because the money is just too tight. But I would like to have been that successful. A few things happened to mess that up. Immediately after we moved to Holland, Blaine Reininger, our violinist, was hit by a car in Amsterdam, broke his finger and his leg. We couldn't do anything for a year, although we were doing shows with him in a wheelchair where we carried him on and off the stage. We were living in Wopla [the former municipal waterworks building which is now occupied by artists in Rotterdam, and they said, "We can't have a wheelchair victim in Wopla." So we had to move out of there, and we went to Brussels. That was a quick escape. In Brussels we met some people who had a record company and then slowly but surely we got connected with Crammed discs and that has been the most lucrative thing that has happened for us in Europe, because a lot of European companies are kinda screwy. So are a lot of American companies of course. It has nothing to do with the country. It is difficult being independent. Tuxedomoo has been in business longer than many record companies we do business with.

INQUIRER *If you look into the future, what will Tuxedomoo be doing?*

PETER Hopefully, more movie soundtracks. And I hope that the next time we come to America, we'll be able to rally more energy to tour more and go to places with bigger stages, etc. In Europe, we are used to bigger stages and more lights so we can do shows that are much more visual than we can here. Although tonight was not as bad as some on the American tour, little discs with a two meter square stage that is elevated one inch. At any rate, I know that I will continue to work,

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LANGUAGES.

Principles

because I can't for the life of me think of any other reason to stand here on this planet and breathe this air - wherever that takes me. I hope it will take me to places like Bombay and Japan. Which reminds me of another reason why I like Europe, and this is a major reason. Here in America, when you are of a foreign culture everybody tries to forget it, you try to spell your name like Smith or Jones and you try to wear brown shoes and look like a regular person, but in Europe every culture is really militant. They are all throwing bombs at the people next door shouting, "We want separation, we want our own isolated little place where we can speak our own language spoken by 30,000 people." That's really exciting in a way. When you are in America, you have no idea how small Europe is and how much struggle it took to keep the French language separate from the German language and how much the concepts and philosophies of these peoples differ. They fought millions of wars and killed lots of people and expended a lot of good real estate for the purpose of staying individual. Whereas here in America, they all try to build McDonald's everywhere and hide everything. You turn on the radio in Europe and you hear African, Arabic, Yiddish, French, and Dutch music and all this unusual stuff. Whereas here in America you basically have five different kinds of disco, the different kinds of rock, some easy-listening and a lot of other white music, but that's it.

EMCE: Have you been influenced by any European music?

PETER Actually more by Arabic, Indian and African music than by the European. That's for myself. But I knew Steven is a fan of the Italian romantic singers. I love Mascetti, Nina Rota etc., but I already knew about them before I went to Europe because they are big stars here. But a lot of European music has gone in one ear and out the other, usually because they are imitating American or British music.

EMCE: Now about England, is Tuxedomoon doing well there?

PETER Tuxedomoon has never gone over well in England. They always hated us for being too "arty" or they didn't understand what we were doing. We toured England a few times, we were on Charisma Records, but the whole thing bombed out. Now we don't even go there anymore. I've got to admit that I liked the English music more a few years ago, but they are still great and they have the best studios. They got a great sound over there, that's for sure. We did one album in London that was during our first European trip and that was also motivated by the European thing. We wanted to get out of America because we couldn't find any engineers that knew how to record rhythm machines, etc. Here in America I actually had a conversation in a Boston club with a guy who was asking "Why should the PA be in stereo? Is the singer in stereo?" That's the kind of mentality we tried to get away from. We knew John Fox, because he was trying to sign us to his label years ago, we wrote to him and we got him to introduce us to his engineer, Gareth Jones, who is now kind of a megastar. We did "Denise" together, which was a great experience for us.

EMCE: Now has Tuxedomoon managed to stay together for so long as a non-commercial band?

PETER (Jokingly) We are a military organization and we run guns on the side.

EMCE: Who's the boss?

PETER No, no, there is no boss, we are a very loosely organized collective. It's anarchy which has run us very well because we are always dealing with the laws of chance and have been lucky.

EMCE: Lucky in terms of staying together?

PETER Yes, lucky in terms of being able to work out all our things, and sometimes we don't see each other for four months. We are always having a baby, like another project that Gary hires us for so we go to Spain to do TV or whatever. There is always something good coming up.

Life With Bob

It confirmed anglophile since Canary St., police dot shirts and granny glasses, it was still somewhat of a shock and surprise that I should one day fall in love with the most eccentric of British creatures, the English bull terrier.

Perhaps a common, everyday sight in England, Bob, my aforementioned canine, remains somewhat the reluctant and misunderstood colubantur here in the New World, on New York's lower East Side. This is his story.

I saw my first one when I was thirteen and walking to my friend's house. It was short, squat, milkwhite and had the most awkward of gaits. Its head, face and body were a confusing conglomeration of several animal features, all exaggerated. It was my first sighting of an English bull terrier.

A repulsive little creature that was not easily dismissed, I quickly diverted my attention to the owner of such a creature. Nothing in my prepubescent life, however, had prepared me for the sight of its owner - a man whose face, by fate or accident, was a reddened, indistinguishable mass of scarred and disfigured flesh. I was horrified, ashamed, totally disoriented and I don't quite remember ever making it to my friend's house. Needless to say, no woman ever made such a lasting first impression.

I avoided that street for many months after, none too anxious to repeat that episode. And I don't recall just how long it did take me to return to my original route - with the very specific hope of seeing man and beast once more. Something inside me had changed, and I had to confront, confirm, come to grips with whatever caused me such hairy retreat and anxiety. I was now anxious to greet this man as hero, together with his ever faithful, mythological-appearing companion; the two of whom I was told weren't often seen, particularly by daylight.

They were across the street, half a block ahead when next I sighted them. Following in shy reverence, content to view in profile from a distance, I was careful not to disturb their quiet dignity. As they turned the corner, I continued straightaway, knowing full well that I too would someday ally myself with my mutant hero's noble cantors.

He was a beast - all white, high cheekbones, a year and a half old, and fifty-five pounds of pure muscle! A prick on four short legs whose initial greeting consisted of knocking me to the floor in exhilarated anticipation. His previous owner was giving him away and dashing off to England, where there's a six month quarantine on incoming dogs, cats, etc.. At twenty-five I was finally the owner of one very excitable little beastie.

Our first night together I spent detaching said animal from either of my legs, which he repeatedly assaulted with his vice-like grip. Panic started to set in as all the pit bull terrier horror stories I had ever heard poured into my mind. It seemed, however, that Bobbie, later renamed Bob the looks like a Bob), was determined only to sex me to death. His desire dissipated after several hours of constant refusal; we finally called it a day in our mutual frustration and utter exhaustion.

I don't care how often you've been checked upon awakening and viewing the body next to you, it's just not quite the same as waking up to the two beady little eyes of a bull terrier staring you in the face from across your room. Fear and apprehension were reaching new heights, particularly after the previous evening. But I was always the sucker for canine and good looks and Bob oozed both in ample amounts as we gradually came to terms with the limits of each other's universe.

The bull terrier legacy is rich in tales of every conceivable noble and diabolical derring-do. My favorite fun fact is that the English tried using them when hunting in India - but not satisfied with merely hacking down the prey, they'd try to go one-up one with the damn things and get themselves killed off in the process. My favorite story (and I don't disbelieve it) is of the man dog terrier who brought home a bull terrier to aid to his German Shepherd and Doberman Pinscher, then completing his macho triad home-defense team. The next morning he

was stuck with one very self-satisfied bull terrier.

Bull terriers were originally bred from some combination of English bulldog and terrier in the mid-nineteenth century and are distinct and separate entities from their American pit bull counterparts, who also share in the "pit bull" notoriety. They are pretty unique as dogs go, in their looks, manners, even in their walk, which can range from the downright mechanical to the grace and aristocracy of a fine thoroughbred. But they're not quite the crazed, lunatic killers who maim innocent passersby in the hope of mauling infants in their mother's arms. Mislead any animal and it's bound to turn neurotic or vicious, and it is indeed unfortunate that a certain macho faction get their rocks off fighting these graceful animals - pity they don't pit themselves against the dog.

Because of the movie, many people know that Patton owned a bull terrier; ironically enough, few recall that Willy was hardly pictured the bore warrior. So what's it like living with a dog much of the public regards as worthy of fear and loathing?

Bob is a creature of extreme highs and lows. He doesn't just hang out being a dog all self-contented like and leaving it at that - he's a pain in the ass. He demands attention and it comes in three forms: food, sex and play. And as horny and omnivorous as Bob is, his major vice is play. And his favorite fetish are balls, from Poodle Pies to leather basketballs. Given the choice between an old rubber ball and a three inch steel ball, Bob will go for the ball every time. I was unaware of this fetishism until I brought home my brand new basketball, which he immediately set upon in a wild bumping frenzy, zigzagging across my room. Failing to capitulate, feeling scorned and rebuffed (who wouldn't?), Bob then proceeded to palm the ball with his mouth, another feat I thought impossible but amusing - until he sunk his jaws in and triumphantly carried it aloft to his bedside. So much for my basketball comeback.

Commensurate art heard that he is, Bob possesses a keen eye and feel for space. In his more somber, reflective moments, he has disciplined himself into staring at ceiling corners while standing motionless at end. Ancient pre-Anglican ritual or modern urban dwelling phenomenon? The author has contemplated himself with the knowledge that during the self-induced meditations, Bob is the receiver, the medium if you will, of interdimensional messages and transmissions.

Bob is not entirely free of more earthly faults and characteristics, however. Like his fellow English bull terriers, he performs the obligatory circle dance whenever excited. He does the "Heeler Jump," an acrobatic maneuver whereby he jumps vertically from a standing position and turns 180 to 360 degrees midair - most impressive when he does several in rapid succession. He burrows his specially designed nose into sealed crutches (male or female, preferably the latter) and up ladies skirts and demieres. He harks.

The one thing I wasn't quite prepared or conditioned for was dealing with public reaction to Bob. Mothers gather their offspring about them, faces contorted in disgust, remarks are made. He's been compared to a pig, a horse, a lamb and a rat. One guy, trying to impress his girlfriend, proclaimed, "Those are the dogs that don't bark and were used to guard the Japanese Imperial Court." One punk yelled out to his fellow hardcore cohorts, "Look, the world's first mammal!"

Everytime you walk the damn dog, it's "confront the public time" again. It's not easy pinpointing what makes one person think of him as cute and another as "pure evil." Most comments are pretty negative, about 60-65%. And it's hard dismissing ones like, "That's one of those baby killer dogs." Then there are those that demand information - "What kind of dog is it? Where'd you get it? How much did you pay for it?" All in all, it's pretty amazing that a dog that so captivates the public's imagination has never even appeared on a can of dog food. Then again, maybe not.



Stanley Banos

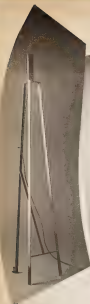
Illustration by Ward Schumaker.

Occasionally, one does have to humor oneself. To the overly inquisitive, Bob has frequently been passed off as a "Norwegian Snow Hound." And then there are the more individual cases, such as the lady who insisted on giving Bob her own specialized, over-enthusiastic greeting (said she really "knew" dogs). At first I tried to dissuade her, but a smile quickly overtook me as Bob, now thoroughly affected by her advances, deftly attempted a move under her skirt before finally attaching himself to her left leg.

A creature of piety and ignorance, Bob has known anger only once,

when another dog mounted him. And an amazing transformation it was! A lightning blitzkrieg of hit and run fury and demonic frenzy, a canine buzzsaw - Warner Brothers cartoon Tasmanian Devil in the flesh!

And with the other dog in quick retreat, Bob was once again his normal quaint self as if nothing ever happened, as if action and consequence were history, recorded and forgotten. On the way home, a young girl toddled forward and exclaimed, "Look, Mommy - the Easter Bunny!" As is his custom with small children, Bob approached her, licked her once on the cheek, and walked on.



"TRAPEZIUM"

Steel, Halogen, 6'2", Floorlamp



"DE STAM"

Aluminum, Glass, Steel,
Halogen, 6'2", Floorlamp



"MADAME"

Aluminum, Glass, Copper,
Halogen, 6'2", Floorlamp



"BRUNO"

Steel, Halogen, 12",
Wall fixture



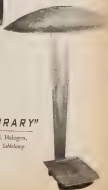
"RESTAURANT"

Steel, Halogen or Fluorescent,
20", Tablelamp



"BOAT"

Steel, Halogen, 23",
Wall fixture



"LIBRARY"

Steel, Halogen,
58", Tablelamp



LAMP

DESIGN BY HENK ELENGA

HARD WERKEN

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HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90028

213-463-8062



GAVIN FLINT

Born and raised in Japan, educated in the United States (Dart College and the San Francisco Art Institute), Gavin Flint is a painter whose work has been widely exhibited—in Tokyo, San Francisco and New York. He recently returned from Baroda, Gujarat, India where he was studying on a Fulbright Grant with Gulam Mohammed Sheikh at Mahatma Jyotiba University. Gavin and his wife, Mira, stayed with the daughter of the well-known writer R.V. Desai in Baroda, a city of about 500,000 on the west coast of India.

The Design Center, a group that researches and produces traditional San patterns, designs, and dyeing techniques, provided Gavin with quantities of the San dyes he used in his paintings. The resulting paintings, together with multiple leaves from a daily sketchbook, were exhibited at the University in Baroda, at the American Center, and at the Fulbright House in New Delhi in March 1985.

This interview took place in Gavin's massive District Flat in late September 1985, surrounded by a large number of paintings, some from India, as well as some earlier works.

ENR: What was the response to your work in India?

GAVIN: Well, at first there was a real cold reception. But that was more towards me than my work because they hadn't really seen my work. No one was really interested in seeing it until after I had an exhibit there, towards the end of my stay. Then everyone seemed very interested all of a sudden, but I was getting ready to leave by that point.

ENR: What was your relationship with the University?

GAVIN: There was real ambiguity as to what my relationship there was. When I originally applied for the Fulbright, I didn't intend to be affiliated with any university. My proposal was to go to Baroda (it happened to know some of the artists) and work while interacting with these contemporary artists. Some of them were doing very interesting work. I didn't realize it beforehand, but the grant was a joint grant between the Indian Ministry of Education and the American government. On the American side what I did was fine, they were pretty loose. I could be anywhere, basically do

INTERVIEW BY KYLE THAYER

Photo above:
Gavin Flint in front
of one of his large
paintings at Baroda
University.

what I wanted. In terms of the Indian side, they were pretty paranoid; they wanted me to be at the University, working there all the time under supervision. They expected a much more rigid curriculum. The whole teaching relationship there, this kinda master-student-apprenticeship situation, was extremely foreign to my training.

I spent all of my time not at the University, but working at a Sari woodblock printing factory where I had access to all their dyes. I would take the dyes home and work on the rooftop on large-scale hanging tapestries. When I went to the University, it was mostly to deal with the bureaucracy, fill out forms. It would take me two weeks to get one form filled out and get it signed by whoever needed to sign it. It took me four months to finally get the affiliation with the University.

ENL It's interesting that you more or less bypassed the traditional artistic opportunities available for artists there and instead worked with these local craft materials and craft people and brought that into your work. It seems like an American thing to do, to seek out these kinds of resources. It also relates to your exploration of Sumi painting, using a traditional medium in a new way.

GRH Yes, that's true. The Indian dyes gave me original colors to work with. Color was something I hadn't explored in my Sumi paintings. Doing black and white just didn't seem valid anymore. I had never really used color in this way and the materials and dyes were new to me.

ENL So the colors you were using in India were given to you by the dye manufacturers. Did you have a chance to choose custom-mixed colors?

GRH They could mix me anything I wanted. I asked them for a series of colors which I would then mix around. I pretty much used them as a straight palette, but I'd dilute them with water a bit to change the color. I was working with two types of dyes. One was a traditional Sari pigment, which is like a paste that looks like clear yellowish medium. You can't tell what color it is and you mix that around and apply it. It was like painting with invisible ink; the image would appear only after it dried. The other dyes were direct dyes; you could apply them as is and the colors looked more or less as they would after they dried. Before, I was creating space with black and white through layering. Colors are a whole different way to create space and emotion. There is a real intensity It seems to relate well to India.

ENL Do you feel you are going to continue to work with fabric and dyes, or are you moving into other media?

GRH I can't get a hold of the Indian textile dyes here. I checked around. I have been experimenting with acrylic media. I found this stuff called "flow improver," which gives acrylic paint a watery type consistency without losing the intensity of the pigment. And that worked out pretty well. The colors look beautiful. They're not like surface color, but real deep color, saturated into the fabric. The flow improver is pretty versatile and seems to work well in terms of how I approach painting. I am working with that right now.

ENL How do you approach your work? Do you draw from life?

GRH Basically there are three ways I work. My earlier work is all from memory. Sometimes I work from life. And often I'll use a photograph as a jumping-off point. The stiffer things are done from photographs.

ENL What does drawing from life really mean? Memory is used as you draw from life, whereas if you just draw from memory it's different again. As you are looking at a scene, there are so many ways of interpreting what you see.

GRH It is all interconnected. But when you start getting into the drawing, it is almost a purely physical activity once you get the momentum going. Somewhere back there, your mind is doing this thing, but at the moment you are not as aware of what's going on. A couple of the drawings which I did from memory were based on films about female exploitation—trying to relate to them in a very graphic and cartoonish-type way. That's very different from drawing and relating to some foreign object that's just sitting there in front of you, like a chair. Basically, the drawings were a





way for me to interpret this bombardment of new visual information. India was very overwhelming. Drawing helped me deal with that instantaneously without really having to think about it. Of course I was thinking about it while I was doing it, but the emphasis was on the emotional interpretation.

It's funny because a lot of people have told me the paintings reminded them of Munch and Nolde, and other German Expressionists. That really wasn't what I set out to do. But it did seem like a western Expressionist tradition worked best in terms of dealing with what I was going through.

EVJ: The scale of the fabric paintings contributes to that. It looks as if you are using a real bristly brush to make the strokes; there is a boldness and physically that's evident in contrast to the smaller sketches on paper.

SWK: Yes, but it's all one group of work; they bounce off of each other. Some of the larger paintings are actually done from life. But generally I work from sketches and often there is a preliminary drawing. Repetition is something I am quite conscious of and as you look at my work you will start seeing similar images and references that bounce back and forth. In the paintings, I take the given structure of the sketches and combine these with color to achieve a heightened emotional level. Ideally, I would like to show the sketches in relation to the larger color works. I probably am most satisfied with how the sketches turned out. In terms of finished works of art, they are the least object-like.

EVJ: Yet taken as a whole they constitute an object in a way similar to a large painting. What is interesting here is a diary, a record of a period of time. In that sense it is epic. Earlier you showed me the diaries of your Swiss great uncle, the one who worked for Beuter as a reporter and political illustrator. He was a real observer of Japanese society, and you find yourself in somewhat the same position, but in a very different context. You happen to interpret many cultures, among them Japan.

SWK: Well, Japan is different for me. Japan I feel I can see from the inside, almost through Japanese eyes. It's home for me, having lived there for 14 years. But living in India for the first time, I was seeing a foreign culture from the outside. Even in the States, I can see American culture from the inside. India is pretty bizarre, even though there are certain similarities to Japan. The most striking thing about visiting India for a person raised in Japan is the discovery of things "Japanese" in their place of origin; for example, "Kasuri" weaving, where the threads are dyed before they're woven, or "Shinto Hanjira," the terracotta votive figures that are also seen in Achevian tribal villages, and "Gelfa," the wooden sandals. I found myself experiencing a feeling of déjà vu.

EVJ: In looking at the history of India, it is important to consider the number of times it's been conquered. Everyone and his brother has gone through there and has left a piece of their own culture -- the Persians, Alexander the Great, most recently the British.

SWK: Yes, and the Japanese in Burma, and the Dutch and French.

EVJ: The layering of culture is fantastic. India is in fact the first post-modern country. The people who live there don't have to travel to be confronted with vast contrasts.

SWK: Yes, it is bizarre. Within a few miles you can go from a tribal village to a medieval town to a modern metropolis. Levi-Strauss saw India as being our future rather than our past.

EVJ: Japan, of course, is another profound image of the future. The capital and electronic technology point of an information-dominated world.

EVJ: India and Japan are both countries of extremes. On the way home, we flew first class on Swissair from India to Tokyo. Going from the complete chaos of Bombay to the sanitized, computerized facilities at Tokyo Airport was quite a shock.

EVJ: In architecture also there is a long history of influence among India, China, and Japan. One can trace the form of the stupa from its origins in India as Buddhist reliquaries to China and Japan, where it becomes the pagoda.

EVJ: India is a major pilgrimage spot for the Japanese. India, as you

Continued on next p.

know, was the birthplace of Buddhism. Visiting Samath and the other Buddhist meccas is a cultural roots trip for Japanese Buddhists. However, it's ironic that Buddhism has died in the place of its origin.

KY2 *Do Buddhism and Shinto co-exist happily in Japan?*

GRN Everyone in Japan is both Buddhist and Shinto. They are basically two incompatible religions, but somehow it works. The Japanese are just very pragmatic about it. You have a Buddhist funeral because Buddhism is for the afterlife. You have a Shinto wedding because Shinto is for this life. What was extremely fascinating was seeing similarities between Shintoism and Indian tribal culture. *Baniwa* (the votive terra cotta figures) are Shinto, not Buddhist. You also find "Torii" (the Shinto gates leading up to an altar) in India. Shintoism is a tribal, animistic, Mother Earth religion. Everyone knows Buddhism came to Japan from India via China. But when you see these Shinto elements in India, one wonders how deep the connection between Indian and Japanese culture really is.

KY1 *To go to India was like going back to the source?*

GRN Well, in the beginning that was the idea, but once I got there I realized how different it really was. In Japan, despite the strong Western influence, there is much tradition and interrelation even in the contemporary arts. In India, artists are still recovering from the impact of the British. What I hadn't realized was the extent to which Japan had influenced the birth of contemporary art in India. Taikan (the foremost Japanese Nihonga painter) and Okakura (a well-known Japanese philosopher and art historian) were both teaching at Shantiniketan in India in the 1930's. Rabindronath Tagore, the only Indian writer to win the Nobel Prize, founded Shantiniketan as a school where East could meet West. And if you look at the first generation of Indian modernist painters like Abanindranath Tagore, Rameswar Bhow, and Gaganendranath Tagore, their work is extremely influenced by Nihonga painting schools.

My previous work with Sumi ink wasn't a conscious copying of Nihonga style, but in some way it was intended to relate. Using the style was a way of relating to my memories and experiences of Japan.

KY1 *The prevalent art schools in India tend to be very conservative, one of them being a holdover from the British schools. Even the native Indian art is a rote copying of images with little innovation. Is Japanese art still an influence in the country today?*

GRN There is still a strong interest in Japanese art, but there is no direct influence. Once Tagore passed away, the whole school went downhill. But many Japanese painters, especially the Nihonga-type traditional painters, make a pilgrimage to India and do paintings on India. However, as you say, in Baroda the figurative school of the British Royal Academy is all-prevailing. Yet, the more successful artists are able to deal with that part of their colonial past without being totally constrained by it.

KY1 *Now you return to India?*

GRN I would return tomorrow if I had the opportunity. Not to live necessarily, but to travel. Despite the social injustices and all of its problems, India is culturally extremely rich. As the Baroda painter Gufam Mohammed Sheikh says: "Living in India means living simultaneously in several times and cultures." Though this might not be an entirely positive situation for India, it is a very mind-opening experience for the Western visitor.



MODERNISM HAS MOVED TO THE HISTORIC MONAHAN BUILDING AT
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HELEN, THY BEAUTY IS TO ME—



WHEN LOVE CAME to Julio Sal, he was not prepared. Julio Sal, Filipino boy, forty cents an hour, Tokyo Fish Company, Wilmington. Her name was Helen, she wore a smooth red dress and she worked at the Angels Ballroom, in Los Angeles. Five feet, four inches was the height of Julio Sal, but when that Helen's golden head lay on his shoulder, strength and grandeur filled his body. A dream shaped itself in his Malay brain. She seemed it too. She always sensed that sort of thing in the Filipino customers. A gallant flame possessed them, and they brought more tickets. The dances were ten cents apiece; she got half of it.

Towering over the golden hair, Julio Sal saw half a hundred of his countrymen gazing after her, watching the serpentine undulations beneath the red dress, watching the fast-diminishing roll of tickets in Helen's left hand. The dances were one minute long. Somewhere behind the four-piece colored band, a bell clanged the end of each number. Since ten o'clock Julio Sal had danced continuously.

Now it was almost midnight. Already he had spent twelve dollars. Forty cents remained in his pocket. It meant four more minutes with the golden hair, and it meant his fare back to the cannery.

The bell clanged, the dance ended, another dance began. In the best amateur style, Julio joined the dream toward the glass ticket box. Her hand over his shoulder tore a stab from the string and dropped it into the slot.

"Only one left," the girl purred as Julio bounced her in the corner. It was her first word in an hour. Sweat oozed from the dark face of Julio Sal. Again he gazed across the floor at the group of his countrymen.

Ten of them strained against the railing, each clutching a fat roll of tickets, ready to rush upon the golden girl the moment Julio's last ticket disappeared inside the glass box. Dignity clutched the heart of Julio Sal. Resolution shone in his brown eyes.

"I got some more," he said.

The bell clanged, the dance ended, another dance began. There was a smile on the girl's white, hot face as she dropped the last ticket into the slot. This time it was a walk, a breathing spell. Julio Sal nodded to the ticket man, who made his way through the couples, coils jangling in his money apron. Dignity seeped into the faces of the Penors pressed against the rail. Julio's fingers dug into his watch pocket. Surprise reddened the blue eyes of Helen when she saw forty cents—nickel, dime and quarter—pinned between Julio Sal's thumb and forefinger.

"Four tickets," said Julio Sal.

The ticket vendor rolled a cigar through his teeth. "Only four?" "None."

The bell clanged, the dance ended, another dance began. Out of the corner of his eye Julio Sal saw the dizziness leave the faces of his little brown brothers. Their smiles mocked him. They had waited so long; they would gladly wait another four dances. The bell clanged, the dance ended, another dance began, again the bell clanged.

"Helen," said Julio Sal. "Helen, I love you, Helen."

"That's nice," she said, because all the Filipinos loved Helen, because all the Filipinos managed to say it when they got down to their last two or three.

"I write you letters," said Julio Sal.

"Please do." Because she always said that; because letters meant that they would be coming back on payday. "Please write."

"You write me too!"

But the bell clanged, the dance ended and he had no more tickets. She tipped from his arms. The wicker gate opened and he was lost in an avalanche of little brown men fighting for the golden girl. Swirling weakly, he stood at the rail and watched her settle her child's face against the chest of Johnny Delacosa, label machine, Van Camp's, San Pedro. A wave of tenderness

suffocated Julio Sal. A small white doll—that was his Helen. The bluish future revealed itself in a cavern that shut out the hoagy woozy and the clanging bell—she was frying his bacon and eggs in a blue-tinted kitchen like in the movie pitch, and he came grinning from the bedrooms in a green robe with a yellow sash. Like in the movie pitch. "Ah, Helen," he was saying to her, "you are most wonderful cook in whole California. Pretty soon we take boat back to Luzon to meet my mamma and papa."

The reverie endured through twenty-five clangs of the bell before he remembered that his pockets were empty and that it was eighteen miles to Wilmington.

On his way out, buttoning his square-cut, shoulder-gadded, tight overcoat, Julio Sal paused under a huge photograph of the Angels Ballroom Staff: forty beautiful girls, forty. She was there, his Helen, her lovely face and slim-bellied figure third from the left, front row.

"Helen, Helen, I love you."

He descended the stairs to Main Street, saw the fog flowing north like a white river, Julio Sal, well-dressed Filipino boy—black serge suit, hand-tailored overcoat, black patent-leather shoes, snappy, short-brimmed hat. Breasting the white river, he walked south on Main Street. Eighteen miles to the harbor. Good! It had been worth while. He breathed fog and cigarette smoke and smiled for his love, Mamma. This is Helen: papa, this is Helen, my wife. The dream held. He couldn't marry her in California. The law said no. They would go to Reno. Or Tijuana. Or Seattle. Work a while up north. Then home to the Philippines. Mamma, this is Helen. Papa, this is Helen. Eighteen miles to Wilmington.

II

He arrived at six o'clock, his patent-leather shoes in ruin. Behind the cannery, in the duplexes, the five Japanese families were already up, lights from their windows a dull gold in the deep fog.

He smelled the leñidera vats, the tar, the oil, the copra, the bananas and oranges, the blage, the old rope, the decaying anchovies, the lumber, the rubber, the salt—the vast bouquet of the harbor. This, too, was part of the dream. While working here at this spot, I met my love—I, Julio Sal.

Like one banfoot, he walked down the long veranda of the flat, salt-blackened building. They were single apartments set like cell blocks—one door, one window; one door, one window. A board creaked beneath his step, a baby wakened and cried. Babies, ah, babies. A little girl, he hoped, with the face and eyes of Mamma Helen.

He lived in the last apartment; he and Silvio Lazada, Pacito Celestino, Manuel Bartolome, Delino Dentiso, Vicente Macario, Johnny Andino and Fred Banda—all young men who had come to America as boys in the late 30's.

They were asleep now, the cramped room reeking with the odor of fish, bodies, burned rice and salt air. Banda, Lazada and Celestino were in the wall bed; Andino lay on the dampport, Bartolome, Macario and Dentiso on the floor. Good boys. Loyal countrymen; though he had been gone all night, none had taken his bed in the bathtub.

On tiptoe he made his way over the deepers to the bathroom. Through the gray fog-swept light he saw that someone was in the bathtub after all. The sleeper lay deep in blankets, old linen and soiled clothing, his head under the water spouts, his feet on the tub incline. Julio Sal bent down and smiled; it was Antonio Repollo. He had not seen Antonio in two years, not since the Seattle and Alaska canneries. Julio Sal selected with pleasure. Now his letter-writing problem was solved. Antonio Repollo was a graduate of the University of Washington; he could write beautiful letters. Antonio Repollo was not only a university graduate, he also wrote poetry for El Grafico in Manila.

Julio Sal bent over and shook him awake.

"Antonio, my friend, welcome."

Repollo turned over, a laundry bag in his arms.

"Antonio, is me. Julio Sal. I have girl."

John Fante



"Is American?" asked Repollo.
"Is Mende," said Julio Sal. "Is wonderful."
"Is bad," said Antonio.
"No," said Julio Sal. "Is good, very good."
"Is very bad," said Repollo. "Is worst thing possible."
"No," said Julio Sal. "Is best thing possible."

He slipped into his greasy dungarees, found a clean shirt behind the kitchen door, and put that on too. It was Vivente Macario's turn to cook breakfast. Since 1926, at the asparagus fields, the celery fields, the canneries from Alaska to San Diego, Vivente Macario always prepared the same breakfast when his turn came—warmed-over rice, three cans of sardines stolen from the cannery, a hunk of bread and tea. They sat around the knife-warmed breakfast nook and ate quietly over a table whose surface was a mass of initials and dates of the hundreds of Filipino cannery workers who had come and gone throughout the years.

His brown face glowing from cold water, Antonio Repollo came into the kitchen. The poet, the college man. He was here, in their house, and they were boozed: had even provided him with a bathtub in which to sleep. They made a place for him at the table, watched his long beautiful fingers remove sardines from the can.

"Julio Sal," he said, "what is the name of the woman?"
"Is Helen."
"Helen? No more? No Anderson, no Smith, Brown?"
"No more. Helen, all the same. Helen."
"He has girl," explained Repollo. "Name of Helen. He wish to marry this girl. American girl."
"No good," said Fred Bunde.
"Crazy," said Delin Denasio.
"Too much trouble"—Johnny Andino.
"Helen?" Manuel Bartolome talking. "Is not same Helen for to work Angels' Ballroom, taxi dancer?"
"Ya, ya," said Julio Sal. "She is him, all the same."
Bartolome secked his big lips tight. "Is no good, this woman. Cannot be. For to marry, I try myself. She damn liar. You give money, she takes. Give you nothing."

"No, no," smiled Julio Sal. "Is another Helen. This one, she is good. This one love. She like me. She say 'write letter' This I am do tonight."

"Gosh," said Bartolome, coughing an evil sneeze from his mouth. "The way you believe that is appuance. I am write letter, too—six times. She take my money, give nothing. She no love you, Julio Sal. She no marry Filipino. She take his money, but she no marry is not love is business."

The strong fat of Julio Sal unhooked the table. "I make her love me. You wait. You see. Pretty soon, three months, cannery close down. I have money. We go for to get married. Reno, Seattle."

"Is bad," said Pachito Celestino.

"Crazy," said Vivente Macario.

"Is terrible," said Delin Denasio. "Is awful."

"Is love," said Julio Sal. "Is wonderful!"

III

Said Julio Sal to Antonio Repollo, "You will write letter for me tonight, yes?"

Said Antonio Repollo, "No."

It was evening. The poet, Antonio Repollo, sat before his portable typewriter, line upon line of typescript rattling across the page. The fog had cleared. The moon showed big and yellow, rising over the American-Hawaiian docks.

"I am disappointed," said Julio Sal. "I write letter myself."

He asked for paper, and Repollo gave it to him. He asked for a fountain pen, and got that too. He sat across from the poet, his tongue making a bulge against his cheek. A half hour passed. Sweet broke out upon the brow of Julio Sal; the paper before him was white and untouched. Pleading eyes observed the dancing fingers of Antonio Repollo.

Said Julio Sal, pushing the paper away, "I cannot do. Is too hard to write."

Said Repollo, "You are a fool, Julio Sal. Sixteen years ago in Hawaii I say to you: 'Go to school, Julio Sal. Learn to read English, learn to write English; it come in handy someday.' But no, you work in the pineapple, you make money, you play Chinese lottery, you shoot crap, you lose the cockfights. You have no time for American school. Me, I am different. I have big education. I am graduate, University of Washington. Maybe next year we go to Pasadena for the Rose Bowl."

"Maybe I write the Spanish."

"This Helen, she is Spanish?"

"No. She is American."

"What for you write Spanish?"

"I cannot write the English. I write the Spanish. Maybe she have Spanish friend."

"Fool, Julio Sal. Fool you are."

Julio left tears stinging his eyes. "Is true, Antonio. I am make big mistake. You write for me letter. Next year I go for the school."

"I work hard for education. For write, I get paid. El Grafico, the pay me, for poetry, ten cents a word. For prose, one cent. First class rates."

"I pay you, Antonio. Write beautiful letter. I pay you first-class rates. How much for this, Antonio?"

For letter, prose composition, is one cent a word. Same rates I get. El Grafico.

Antonio rolled a clean sheet of paper under the plates and began to write. Julio Sal stood behind him and watched the letters dance across the white background.

"Good," said Julio. "Is wonderful. Write whole lots. Antonio I pay one penny for the word."

The creative instant in Antonio Repollo at once grew cold. He swung around and shook his hand under the line nose of Julio Sal. "How do you know is good or bad? You cannot read the English good. How you know that?"

"She look good, Antonio. Look fine."

"I read to you," said Antonio. "I wish to give satisfaction all the time." As though talking to a distant toghorn, Julio Sal looked out the window and listened as Antonio read:

"Dear Miss Helen. The immortal Bard has said, 'What's in a name?' I concur. And though I know not how you are yelped for a surname, it matters little. Oh, Miss Helen! Lugalbairu is often the way of amuse; profound its interpretations; powerful its judgments. Oh, bright Diana of the Dance! My love for you is like a muted trumpet sobbing among the branches. Destiny has brought us together, and the aroma of delectable runs from your Humble Servant—"

Julio Sal shook his head. "Is no good, Antonio. Is terrible. Stupid." "Is wonderful!" shouted Repollo. "Better than my stuff for El Grafico!"

Julio Sal sighed at the moon. "Antonio, you write, I talk. You put 'em down what I say."

A haughty shrug from Antonio. He lifted his palms. "As you wish, Julio. Same prior for dictation. One cent a word."

Julio Sal was not listening. Both hands were cupped at his heart as the moonlight bathed his brown eyes. "Oh, lovely Helen!" He spoke in his native Tagalog. "Oh, wonderful moon girl! Thy beams have filled my soul with wild pleasure. Could I but kneel at thy feet in worship, the hem of thy red gown is these unworthy hands. I should die for joy. Many there are who are worthier than Julio Sal, but no man can say he loves you more. My wish and my hope is that you will become my bride. Back to the beloved motherland we will go, there to live forever beneath the coconut palms of beautiful Luzon. My wealthy father and mother shall welcome you to their plantation of fifteen thousand acres—rice, dates, pineapples and coconuts. Over it all you shall reign like a queen to the end of your days."

That was too much for Antonio Repollo. "You lie, Julio Sal. Your mamma and papa are peasants. They are poor people, Julio Sal. You betray them with such lies. You make them capitalist dogs. Canquas."

"You write," said Julio Sal. "I am pay one penny for the word. You write 'em down.'"

Repollo wrote it down, wrote three hundred and fifty-six words in all. They counted them together—three dollars and fifty-six cents. Expensive. But Antonio made no charge for punctuation marks, for "a" and "an," nor for the envelope, or for addressing it to Miss Helen, in care of the Angels' Ballroom, Los Angeles. Julio Sal was pleased with the cool, clean typescript and the boldness of his signature at the bottom, underscored three times with a whirlwind flourish of curlicues.

"I pay," said Julio Sal, "come payday."

It came six days later, and Julio Sal paid thirteen dollars and eighty cents for that letter and three more. Even so, he managed to save another fifteen, for it had been a big week, with overtime. She did not answer his letters. But he could understand that, the life of a taxi dancer was not an easy one—in dance by night, to sleep by day, with never a moment to herself. All that was going to be changed someday. Pretty soon—after the time.

He saved his money. Was Betty Grable playing at The Harbor? All the little boys once loved Betty Grable; her autographed photograph hung over the kitchen sink; on mason jars they went to





see her picture. All but Julio Sal. Seated on a piling at Dock 158, he smoked a cheap cigar and watched the steamship load the President Hoover, bound for Hawaii and the Philippines. Cans Macklema, Carroll, Virginia Bruce, Canale Lombard, Anika Leslie—big favorites with the Perots. But Julio Sal stayed home. There was the night Siro Escobar fought Baby Pacio at the Hollywood Legion. And the night the bolo-punching Ciferonio Garcia flattened Art Gonzales to the cries of "Boola, boola!" from his countrymen in the gallery. Where was Julio Sal? At home, saving his money.

IV

In September the tuna disappeared. And where does the tuna go, when he goes? No one can say. Overnight the roaring canneries shut down. No fish, no work. If wise, the Filipino boy had saved his money. Maybe he had three hundred, maybe five.

Here now! Back to Luzon and Ilocos Norte? No, not yet. Big money up north in the crops—lettuce, prunes, hops, olives, grapes, asparagus, walnuts, melons. Take rest, few days. Go to Los Angeles, see some girls, buy some clothes, chip in together and buy big car, ride down Hollywood Boulevard, maybe see Carole Lombard, maybe Anita Leslie, can't tell. Then to the great agricultural centers of the north, Mendocino, Stockton, Salinas, Marysville, Woodland, Watsonville. Good-by to friends and fellow workers—to Celestino, Bartolome, Bunda, Denasio, Lazada, Macario. See you up north.

Said Antonio Repollo to Julio Sal that last day, "The prunes, she is good in Santa Clara County. You come with me?"

Said Julio Sal, "No. I go to Los Angeles for to get Helen. We go to Reno, maybe. For to get married."

Said Repollo, "You have letter then? She say yes?"

"No letter. Just the same, we get married."

"Maybe," said Repollo, not meaning it.

"No maybe. Is truth. You wait. You see, Pretty soon Mrs. Julio Sal, with ring."

"You have money, Julio Sal? Costa plenty for to have American wife?"

"Three hundred fifty, I have."

"Is very small amount."

"Is plenty. I get some more in the crop."

Repollo took out his wallet. "I loan you twenty buck. After asparagus you pay me back."

"Is plenty, three hundred fifty."

Repollo held out a five-dollar bill. "This, for the wedding present. Some chocolate. Compliments, Antonio Repollo."

Mist welled up in the eyes of Julio Sal. He folded the green bank and wet his lips. "You are good Filipino, Repollo. Smart man. I tell Helen. Maybe someday I tell her you write letter on the machine. someday, maybe. Gracias, my friend."

"Is nothing," said Repollo. "For that I am A. B., University of Washington. Pretty soon we play Minnesota: we win maybe."

When he left the apartment that last time, a grip in each hand, his topcoat over his shoulder, he smelled sweet and clean, did Julio Sal, and he knew that, according to the pictures in Esquire, he was sartorially correct, even to the tan golf sweater that matched his light brown tie. There was one slight imperfection in his ensemble—his brown shoes. They had been half sold.

It was forty minutes to town by way of the big red cars. At a quarter to one Julio Sal was on Hill Street. On the corner, there in the window, a pair of shoes caught his eye. They were light brown, a pack-marked pidgeon, moccasin type, light soles, box soles. Fifteen dollars was the price between the velvet stand. Julio Sal bit his lips and tried to hold down his Spanish-Malay passion for bright leather. But it was a losing battle. Relishing his own weakness, he walked through the glass doors and stepped into a fragrant, cool world of leather and worn-out, silk and cashmere.

At two-thirty the new Julio Sal strutted up Hill Street with the grandeur of a hantaro cock. The new shoes made him taller; the new gabardine belted gave him a sense of long, virile steps; the new sport coat, backed and pleated in back, built him into a wedge-shaped athlete; the soft wool sweater scarcely existed, it was so soft, so tender. That new hat! Dark green with a lighter band, high crown, short brim, pulled over one eye. At every window Julio Sal watched himself passing by, wished the folks back in Luzon could but see him passing by. The transformation had cost him a hundred and twenty-five. No matter.

Said Julio Sal to the handsome Filipino flashing past the shop windows, "Is better first to become engaged. Walk few months,

Hops in Marysville. Asparagus in Stockton. Big money. After asparagus we get married."

The idea came to him suddenly, giving warmth to his conscience. But the coldness of guilt made him shudder. The first jewelry store in sight swallowed him up. An engagement ring. He was not happy when he walked into the hot street again, his purse thinner by seventy-five dollars. He felt himself falling to pieces with a suddenness that left him breathing through his mouth. Crossing to Pershing Square, he got no pleasure from his new clothes as he sat in the sun. A deep loneliness held him. What was the matter with Julio Sal? This Helen—not once had she answered his letter. He was a fool. Bartolome had warned him. But what was Filipino boy to do? For every Filipino girl in California there were twenty-two Filipino boys. The law made it so, and the law said Filipino boy could not marry white girl. What was Filipino boy to do? But Helen was different. Helen was taxi-dance girl. Working girl. Big difference. At once he felt better. He got up and walked toward Main Street, proud of his new clothes again.

V

First at the ticket window of the Angel Ballroom that night was Julio Sal. It was a few minutes before seven. He bought a hundred tickets. On the stand, the four-piece colored band was tuning up. As yet, the girls had not come out of the dressing rooms. Julio Sal followed the wicker fence down to the bandstand, six feet from the dressing-room door. Then the band began to play the blatant hotcha waltz down to a loud-speaker that spewed it in all directions out on the street.

By seven-fifteen the noise had lured five Filipinos, three Mexicans, two sailors and an Army private. The dressing-room door opened and the girls began to appear. Among the first was Helen.

Said Julio Sal, waving his tickets, "Hello."

"Be right with you," she said.

He watched her walk to the bandstand and say something to the trumpet player. She had changed in three months—changed a great deal. The memory he retained was of a girl in red. Tonight she wore a blue pleated chiffon that spilled lightly to her shoes. Something else—her hair. It had been a golden blond; now it was platinum. He had no time to decide whether or not he liked the changes, for now she was coming toward him.

"Hi. Wanna dance?"

"Helen, is me Julio Sal."

The bell clanged and she did not hear him. Harrying to the gate, he felt his legs trembling. She met him there, flowed into his arms professionally, yet like a warm wind. It was a waltz. She danced easily, methodically, with a freshness that made him feel she enjoyed it. But she did not remember him—he was sure of it. He was about to speak his own name when she looked up and smiled. It was friendly, but there was some peculiarity about it, an iciness in her blue eyes that made him suddenly conscious of his race, and he was glad she did not remember Julio Sal.

"You been here before?"

"First time," he said.

"Seems like I seen you someplace."

"No, no. First time here."

Gradually the floor filled. They were mostly Filipinos. For an hour they danced, until he began to tire. Beyond the wicker fence were a bar and tables. He felt the pinch of his new shoes and longed to sit down. It made no difference. Dancing or sitting with her, the price was the same—ten cents a minute.

"I buy you a drink," he said.

They walked off the floor to the tables. Each was marked with a Reserved card. The waiter standing at the end of the bar dashed forward and yanked the card from the table where they sat. The bell clanged. The girl tore a ticket from the roll and studied it into a blue purse that matched her dress. Her small fingers tightened at his wrist.

"What's your name?"

"Tony," he said. "Is Tony Garcia."

"I like Tony. It's a swell name."

The waiter was tall, Kansas-like, tough, impersonal.

"Something to drink?" said Julio Sal. "What you like?"

She lowered her face, then looked up with blue, clean eyes. Could I have something nice, Tony? Champagne? She took his hand in her hands, pulled it against her lips and whispered into his ear, "I get a percentage." He already knew that, but the touch of her lips, the warmth of her breath at his neck, the scent of

her perfume, left him deliciously weak. The bell clanged and she tore away another ticket.

"Champagne," said Julio Sal.
"It's seven bucks," the waiter said.
"Seven?" Julio rubbed his jaw, felt soft, cool fingers under the table, squashing his knee. He looked at the girl. Her face and eyes were downcast, her lips settling impudently.

"Champagne."
They waited in silence. Four times the bell sounded and four times Helen's crimson nails tore at the thinning roll of tickets. The waiter came back with two glasses and a bottle on a tray. He gave Julio Sal a slip of paper.

"Nine?" said Julio Sal. "But you say seven."
"Cover charge."
"Is too much for to pay, only little bottle wine."
The waiter picked up the tray and started back to the bar. Julio called to him. "I pay," he said.

After he paid, the cork popped. Julio lifted his glass, touched hers. "For you, for present girl in whole California."
"You're sweet," she said, drinking.

Julio tasted the wine with his teeth and tongue. Only fair. He had tasted better in San Jose, and for a third of the price. The bell clanged, the red nails nibbled, a new dance began. It was a waltz, Blue Hawaii.

Helen's eyes closed; she sighed and swayed to the music. "My favorite number. Dance with me, Tony."

They walked to the floor and she pressed herself hard against his body. The bell clanged as they reached the orchestra. She tore away another ticket and spoke to the trumpet player. The next three numbers were repeats of Blue Hawaii. Julio Sal was very pleased. She liked the music of the islands. She would like the music of the Philippines better.

She clung to his arm as they walked back to the table. The wine glasses were gone, the bottle of champagne was gone. Once more the table was marked Reserved. Julio Sal called the waiter.

"I thought you beat it," the waiter said.
No, no. Only to dance a little bit.
That's tough.

But she was whole bottle. Only little bit, we drink.
Sorry.

"Bring another bottle," demanded Julio Sal.
They sat down, Helen holding the few remaining tickets like beads. "It's a shame," she said. "We hardly tasted it."

"No shame. We got more."
The waiter brought another bottle and two glasses. He handed Julio Sal another piece of paper, but Julio wouldn't accept it; he pushed it away, he shook his head. "I already pay. This one for nothing."

"Gotta pay."
"No. You cheat me. Nine dollars, not one drink."

The waiter leaned across the table and the waiter's thick hand clutched the throat of Julio Sal, pushed back his head. "I don't have to take that kind of talk from a Filipino. Take it or leave it."

Nausea flowed up and down the bones of Julio Sal, shame and helplessness. He smoothed back his ruffled hair and kept his wild eyes away from Helen, and when the bell clanged he was glad she buried herself wearing all another ticket.

The waiter cursed and walked away. Julio Sal parted and stared into his calloused hands. It wasn't the waiter and it wasn't the nine dollars, but why had she tricked him with those echoes of Blue Hawaii? Julio Sal wanted to cry. Then there were cool fingers on the back of his hand, and he saw her sweet face.

"Forget it," she said. "I can do without. If I have to."

But Julio Sal no longer cared, not even for himself.
"Waiter," he said.

That night Julio Sal drank five bottles of champagne, drank

most of it himself, yet the bitterness within him remained dry and aching, and drunkenness did not come. There was only thirst and desire, and a salty satisfaction in playing the fool. At midnight he stared in fascination as the red nails clawed the three hundredth ticket. Sometimes she said, "Wanna dance?" and sometimes he asked, "Drink?" Sometimes she squeezed his hand and asked, "Having a good time?" And always he answered, "Very good time."

Searching for a match, his fingers touched something hard and square in his pocket.

He brought out the jewel box that held the engagement ring. It was a single diamond set in white gold. He held it under her eyes.

"You like?"
"Beautiful."
"I buy for girl. She die."
"Automobile accident?"
"Just die. Sick. You want ring, you keep."
"I couldn't."

He slipped it on her finger. She blurted it to and from the light, laughing as it sparkled.

Three times the bell clanged, but she forgot the roll of tickets. Then she looked at him again, studied his delicate nose, his fine lips. She lifted his hand and pressed a kiss into the calloused palm.

"You can take me home. That is, if you want to."

He stared into his empty glass, twirled it around and smiled at the memory of the little speech he had prepared that afternoon, the words he planned to say when he slipped the ring on her finger.

"Don't you want to?"
"I like, very much."
"Do you have a car?"
"We take taxi."

She pushed her chair close to him, so that they sat crowded side by side. She held his hand in both of hers, pressed it, played absently with his fingers.

When he suggested one more bottle of champagne, she frowned. "It's for suckers."

"I am sucker."
"You're not either. You're nice," she said.
"I have friend," he said. "Name Julio Sal. He knows you."
"The guy that writes all them crazy letters? He must be nuts."
"Yes he nuts."

He looked at the clock over the bar and wanted to sigh; instead a sob shook itself from his throat. It was twelve-thirty. The dream was dead.

"I wait for you at door downstairs," he said.

He got up and left her sitting there. It was warm in the street. He walked a few doors north to a small, hole-in-the-wall, all-night grocery store. Boxes of figs and grapes were tilted toward the street. The sight of them increased the aching, cigarette-and-champagne dryness of his mouth. He bought a bunch of grapes for a nickel, waved the clerk aside about a paper sack. The grapes were Black Princes, big and meaty.

He put one of them into his mouth, felt it burst between his teeth, tasted the sweet juice that filled his mouth. A grape from Sonoma County, from the vineyards around Santa Rosa. He had picked grapes in Sonoma - who could say, perhaps from the very vine upon which this bunch had grown.

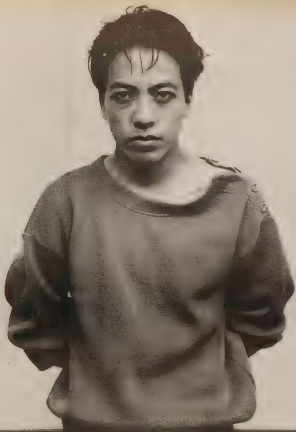
Eating grapes, Julio Sal walked a block to the Terminal Building, took his overcoat and grips from the ten cent lockers, went down the stairs to Los Angeles Street and the bus depot. The ticket agent nodded.

"One-way ticket Santa Rosa," said Julio Sal.

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"IT IS STRANGE
HOW PEOPLE SEEM
TO BELONG TO
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ESPECIALLY
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THEY WERE NOT
BORN."

CHRISTOPHER LUTHER
"THE BRUNNEN," 1935.



Winston Tong Interviewed

The China of the Mind

"DOUBLETHINK MEANS THE POWER OF HOLDING
TWO CONTRADICTORY BELIEFS IN ONE'S MIND
SIMULTANEOUSLY, AND ACCEPTING BOTH OF THEM."
—1984, GEORGE ORWELL

Interview by Peter Claessens, Amsterdam, 1985. Photograph by Marek Hajewski

Winston Tong is an English par excellence. He was born in San Francisco of Chinese parents, who met there after fleeing the cultural revolution in China. In the early eighties he took residence in Europe with the band *Tuxedomoon* and after various trips to Japan he now regards that country as his home: "The culture seemed so satisfying, because it is what I am: a mixture of Eastern and Western cultures counterbalancing against each other in a most satisfying and beautiful way."

Leading the life of an emigrant must add an extra dimension and intensity to one's life. Vivid images of the past inevitably merge with the occurrences of daily life, as in Winston Tong's case, rather voluntarily. In every migrant two opposing or at least different cultures are prone to clash and thereby intensify each other. Different, even opposing viewpoints, don't necessarily eliminate each other. On the contrary, they give a wider view.

Winston Tong appears to be a very special kind of emigre, not only because he continually exchanges one culture for another as a citizen of the world in the most literal way, but also because he longs for a country he never left: the China of his mind.

I met him after he had just finished his first solo album, "Theoretically Chinese." I caught him only a few days before he was once again off to Japan with Bruce Geduldig, the filmmaker and performance artist with whom he collaborated on various performances such as "Jockey" and the imaginative show about Billy Holiday called "Franky and Johnny."

PETER: Where did your inspiration for the "Franky & Johnny" show come from?

WINSTON: It came from real life. From a situation that I found myself in. I

was very much in love, but the love-affair was getting to a point where there was jealousy and bad feelings. As usual, I found a solution for it by using it as the theme for a performance piece. That's what I've done a lot. When it gets to be too much, I turn it into a performance, or I write a song about it. That's how I get it out of my system.

PETER: Why did you make *Billy Holiday* the central person in this show?

WINSTON: It seems like her music, especially in her later years, was really affecting me at that time. To such a degree that I couldn't stand listening to it sometimes. I would put on the beginning of a song and then I'd flip out, so perfectly did it describe how I was feeling. I heard other people say that, too, about some of her later music. They say it is so heartbreaking that they can't listen to it, although they want to and maybe, when they're feeling better they can listen to it. I know one song, I don't remember the title, in which there's a line that goes: (sings) "Every night around sunset I start feeling this..." When I put on that song around sunset I really couldn't stand to live. That's where the inspiration came from. A lot did come out of her music too, not only the lyrics. I did some of her earlier songs, which were brighter and warmer and have more nostalgia. I used those to express an earlier stage in the love affair, when I was happier.

PETER: The dolls you used were symbols for your split personality?

WINSTON: Yes, two dolls, of course, there has to be a male and a female involved, like the two halves of each person and of the human race. They symbolized the masculine and the feminine side in myself and of course in the world. Also a lot of inspiration came from that one song, "Funky and Johnny."

PETER: Is that also a Billy Holiday song?

WINSTON: No, I looked for a recording of it by her, but I never found it. It's an old traditional song. It's known very well in America. It's from around the turn of the century, but it was really popular in the twenties. It's about a jealous woman who shoots her lover in the back.

PETER: You also did a show with Duke Ellington songs?

WINSTON: Yes, I did a set of songs, that's all, just some concertos.

PETER: Why did you choose Duke Ellington?

WINSTON: It followed naturally from the Billy Holiday performance. In that performance, I was playing with someone who sang those kinds of songs, from that time period. After it was finished, I felt the natural desire to sing those songs myself, mostly for my own satisfaction. Also I saw the film "The Cotton Club" and really liked it. My sister suggested I do the songs and I did a concert the next night. After I did it in America, in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, I expected it to end there. But then the NCA in London asked me to come and the last time I did it, in Brussels, with live musicians instead of back-tape, which was really fun.

PETER: Are you still collaborating with Tuxedomoon?

WINSTON: Not really. When I left, I gave them the understanding that I would do special projects. If they want me to. So, we'll see.

PETER: A lot of English pop celebrities have contributed to your album "Theoretically Chinese," like Steve Harris (Iron Maiden), Alan Rankine (ex-Associates), Simon Topping (A Certain Ratio) and Jah Wobble (ex-PUL). How did you get in touch with them?

WINSTON: Most of the English musicians on the record I just happened to meet when I went to London to do some sessions. They were there, like part of the furniture.

PETER: There's a white-out touch to the album, almost like David Bowie's "Young Americans." Is that coincidence or intention?

WINSTON: It probably comes out of an unconscious desire I had for wanting to do something like that. I always liked that album very much. You're the first person to say that to me.

PETER: It shows, for instance, in the abundant use of saxophones, mixed into the background.

WINSTON: In fact when we were recording it in the studio, we said "Oh on this sound like Bowie. We'd better change things a little bit, so it doesn't sound too much like him." But we couldn't help it. The songwriting, the arrangements, everything was going in that direction.

PETER: You did a song called "Jama," inspired by Ruxley's novel "Brave New World." I think it was on one of the last Tuxedomoon albums. How you made an album, on which you refer to George Orwell's "1984." What do these novels mean to you? Why do you refer to them?

WINSTON: It seems only natural to refer to them, since we're now entering that time period. The concept of 1984 didn't end when that year ended. It only began with that year. We're marching further and further into the territory of that book; those ideas of change in the world. Of course, the year named in "Brave New World" is way off in the future. It's in 20,000-something. I was very impressed by these ideas when I was a teenager. But the future is now. It's not so fictional anymore.

PETER: What strikes me is that your lyrics are carefully constructed on polarities, oppositions, paradoxes. You always seem to be torn between extremes and at the same time seem at ease with them. So my question is: Does Winston Tong revel in doublethink or is Winston Tong another

Winston Smith, opposing the system?

WINSTON: I've often wondered about that myself, but the problem with Winston Smith, for me, always was that I didn't know whether I identified with that person, because he had the same name as me, or because I identified with his character, the way he acted. It was never sure. Tong in Chinese is kind of a Smith-like, general name. Tong means "the Chinese people" in Chinese. So really, I feel like I am Winston Smith and I often feel I'm caught in the same trap, trying to express myself freely in a society which doesn't condone that. But I've always felt like that, I've felt a little out of place, alien.

PETER: But this kind of doublethink, the idea of holding two different opinions and wanting to believe in both of them, is this your character too?

WINSTON: It is. It is a very oriental nature, to not have one opinion or the other, but to hold both opinions and to let them be. One day you believe one thing more than another and the next day you change. A Japanese friend of mine said it very accurately. He said he couldn't understand why Western people always talked about good and bad, like good and bad people. Because, he said, everyone, as the Japanese and the Chinese and everyone in the East knows, everyone is capable of being good sometimes and bad at other times. So what's the use of calling somebody good or bad? We might as well think of other things. I mean whether they're smart or stupid, there are other things to consider. But in the end, all of these things become irrelevant, because they're all human qualities or deficiencies and everybody possesses the ability to manifest one or the other at any given time. So I think it's wise not to be so judgemental, but just let things go, let them happen as they will.

PETER: In the song "Endgame" you even compress it into one sentence: "I be conservative, go to extremes."

WINSTON: You're right, it's in every song. That's part of my ethic. I never wanted to teach people anything, because I realize, as Ann Fried told me, that they can't teach anybody anything and that they'll learn things on their own time. So the best we can do is show people what exists. I've never tried to be dogmatic in my work. All I've tried to do is expose things and let people decide for themselves.

PETER: Why did you do a cover of Marianne Faithfull's "Broken English?"

Was it her accent?

WINSTON: Well, I always liked that song and it seemed to me that I could have written it myself. It also went so well with the other songs on the album. It seemed nice to start this album with a song called "Big Brother," in which the chorus goes: "We speak newspaper, we think doublethink, war is peace, love is hate, slavery is freedom, everybody is dancing," and to end on the other hand with "What are we fighting for?" It seemed an interesting open-ended question. First to imply that everybody in today's society is doing things that they don't question anymore, mindlessly doing things and in the end asking: "Why, why, what are we fighting for?" I liked that chorus a lot, because when you put the emphasis on a different word the sentence means something else.

PETER: And you speak broken English?

WINSTON: Well, English is my second language. However well I speak it, I always think in Chinese. And Chinese is such a different language. Chinese think in such different ways. It is completely opposite from English. In Chinese there's no tense; no past, no future, there's only the present. In the Chinese language there's no construct for past or future. Also in China in certain periods people didn't have birth certificates. Your mother just told you when you were born and you had to remember it. My mother told me: "I'm telling you now and don't forget, this is where you live, this is your phone number, this is your birthdate and this is your name. So if you get lost, it is your problem." I kind of like that. Carrying around papers doesn't seem real. It seems absurd, that someone won't believe who you are, unless you show papers.

PETER: Is it such notions, certain Chinese customs, that "Theoretically Chinese" is about?

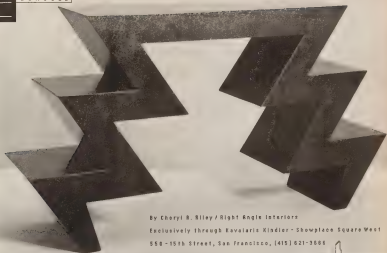
WINSTON: Yes, it is about this notion that I have of what China was and to a certain extent maybe still is. I've never been there, it's true. But I've heard a lot about it. That's what I'm talking about on the record. My parents told me so much about China. I put all these notions together in that song and talk about a China that once existed and that only exists in some people's minds now. And I realized that I had a strong desire not to go to the China that exists, but to go to the one that once was the China of my childhood imaginings.

PETER: China is a kind of dream-country for you? A dream you made up from borrowed memories?

WINSTON: Yes, all these magic things my parents told me about their childhood - I just let myself go with all the stories that I heard and put them into one lump there. And from that I got this idea I wasn't really Chinese, I was only theoretically Chinese after all.

PETER: Only in the mind?

WINSTON: Yes and in the blood probably, but I could even be imagining that.



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GERTRUDE STEIN
PAINTING BY WILLIAM CORE

COMMENTARY

What is it in us that loves limits? Or is it more that we fear the infinite? And are these limits, whether personal or national, imposed upon us by some force outside ourselves, something greater than we Terrestrialsites? Or do we make our own limits, because feeling confined is much cooler?

I submit that most boundaries are just movable markers. They are mental only, and national boundaries are the manifestation of our own limitations. Nothing natural respects national borders, not the birds nor acid rain. Borders are cultural and linguistic. The numerous cultures and languages, civilizations, and their perimeters are products of human creativity -- in fact, it could be argued that civilizations are its highest achievement.

It is natural for individuals to identify with their own culture. But overidentification may result in nationalism. And though it is tempting to sometimes overidentify with one's national affiliation, especially when a person's ego is at a low point, doing this deprives the individual of a cultural smorgasbord available to all of us.

Enjoying the richness of various cultures is infinitely more pleasurable. An internationalist attitude enables us to understand and appreciate our own cultural stance while being enlarged by others. In fact, internationalism may be the salvation of our home base, Earth.

Yet even planetary thinking, so necessary at this point in human history, could become too narrow. An example are those science fiction movies, which pose Earth, the "good guys," against those nasty Extraterrestrials. In such films, the Extraterrestrials are always coming with one purpose in mind: to destroy Earth. Yet in reality, their coming would probably have the same intent as our investigations of outer space has: exploration. It is because we human animals believe we are out to destroy ourselves that we think other forces from deep space would have to travel through several thousand galaxies just to whip our ass?

It is certainly no coincidence that so many of these movies were produced in the xenophobic 50's. The 60's vision of love and unity was heralded by such TV programs as "Star Trek," which showed that an Extraterrestrial could be "one of us," like Mr. Spock, whose very Extraterrestrialhood was an invaluable resource to his trailer human buddies. We saw Mr. Spock with Scotty, whose Scottiness rendered him all the more human, as members of the same crew, sharing the same adventures and overcoming the same challenges. Later, Steven Spielberg was to further explore this notion of intergalactic union in "Star Wars" and "E.T.," to the delight of millions and advancement of his own fortunes.

Meanwhile, however, we have not yet attained a sense of planetary unity, Spielberg notwithstanding. Perhaps we could achieve this by envisioning the world in all its splendid variety as one country; that is, simply extending our nationalism to include the whole planet as home.

In fact, countless people have done just this. There are many world citizens. Coslow Milosz says, "Language is the only homeland," but there are people who think and dream in more than one language and are therefore natives in the truest sense of the word, of more than one culture. People with such backgrounds have several constructs of like universe, whereas the monolingual or monocultural individual has only one. Furthermore, multicultural people have learned the futility of making judgements about cultural superiority. They know and value every culture's speciality.

Artists, too, have traditionally had the sense to refresh and nourish themselves at the breast of other cultures. They have opened themselves to visions that were not indigenous to their own lands and saw the borderlines evaporate into a limitless, hazy landscape. Like birds, many artists have been migratory, gathering ideas from various countries and fusing them into a new comprehension that in turn seeded their own and other cultures, enriching the whole planet in the process. Gauguin's going to Tahiti, the stunning impact of the first Japanese prints and Billie Holiday's influence on European consciousness, are just a few examples of this cultural hybrid vigor.

Just as we are all artists at heart, so are we all emigres. As a plant seeks light, we are drawn to one another, for each of us needs to bask in another's uniqueness. If this were not so, the tourist trade would not be the worldwide, lucrative industry that it is. We are more creatures of cooperation than of competition and so we complement each other.

Alice Polesky

Various Travel Accounts

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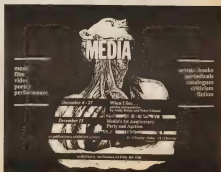
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"THOUGH I AM A BORN AMERICAN,
THOUGH I BECAME WHAT IS CALLED
AN EXPATRIATE, I LOOK UPON THE
WORLD NOT AS A PARTISAN OF THIS
COUNTRY OR THAT, BUT AS AN
INHABITANT OF THE GLOBE."
HENRY MILLER, "THE AIR-CONDITIONED NIGHTMARE," 1945.





STANFORD
CLOTHING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN ANDERSON

611 Emerson

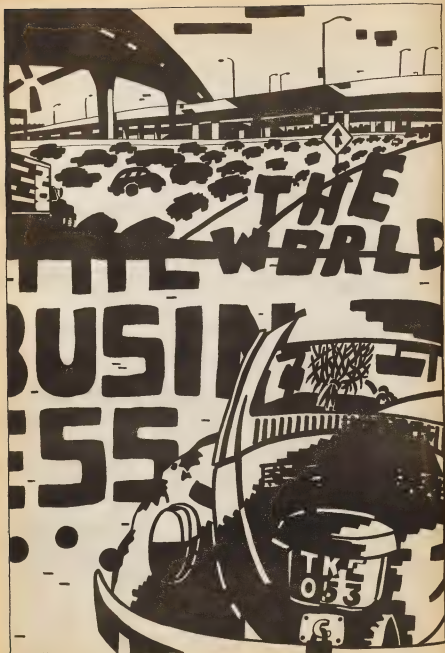
Palo Alto

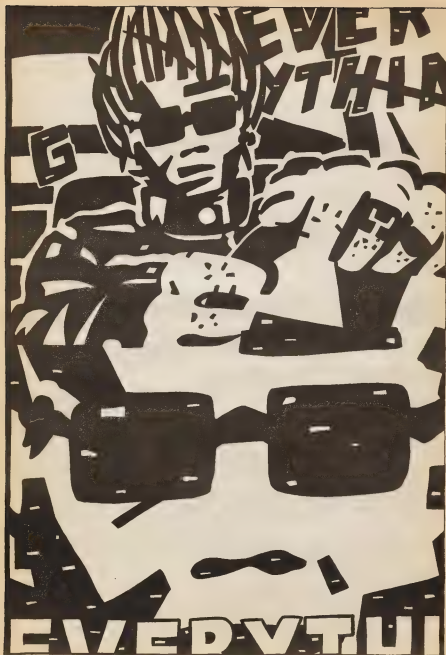
323.4912

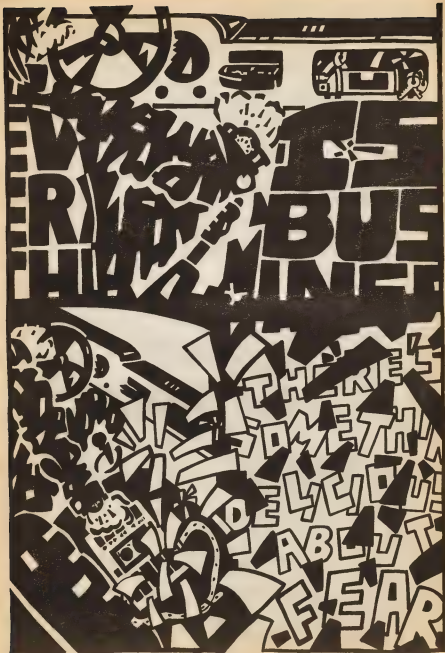
IT'S A BIG WORLD
SO MUCH TO SEE
IT'S A BIG WORLD
SO MUCH TO DO
AND THERE'S
ROOM FOR YOU
AND ME

-JEAN MARCUS
TO BILLY JOEL



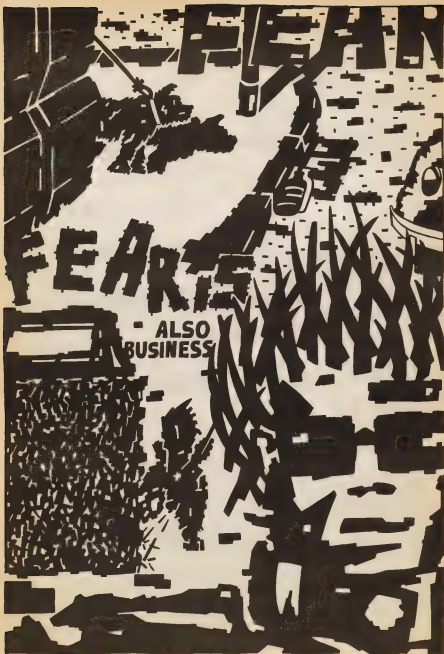






WALKING BUS
RIVER LINE

THERE'S
SOMETHING
ABOUT
FEAR



FEAR

FEAR

ALSO
BUSINESS

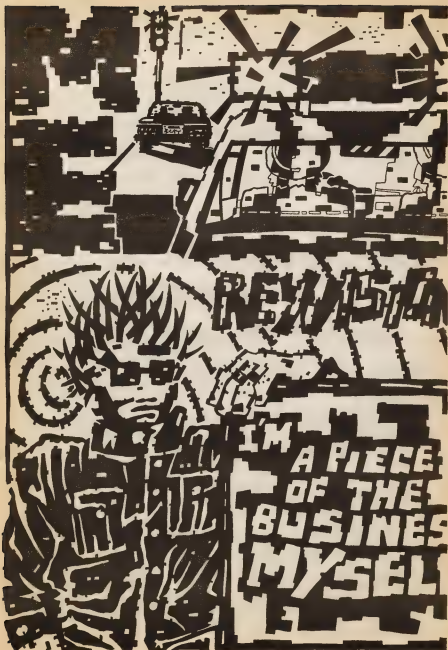
KNOW

DO

DO

DO







HI
WHAT'S

UP?

HAVE
YOU
SEEN
TORSTEIN?

NO
WHY?

I
HAVE
SOME GOOD
BUSINESS
FOR HIM !!



LET ME
CHECK IT OUT

NO, MARSH,
ALL HE
LEFT TO

HE'S
IN
NORWAY
MAN!

NORWAY



SHIT!!
EVERYTHING
IS FUCKED



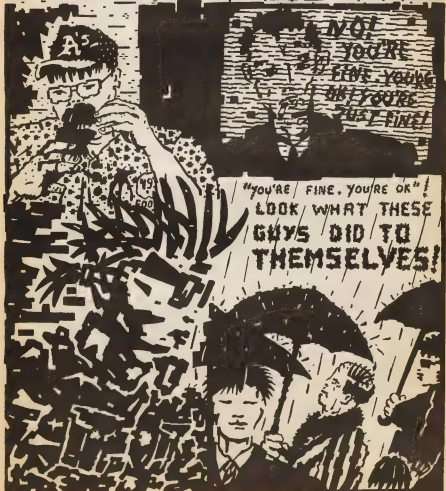
**I KNOW
I'M
PART
OF THIS**

TORMENT



**PUERTO
RICO IS
FARAWAY NOW!**

LEAF THE FAMILY TREE ALL THAT IS FAR GONE



**SELF RESPECT
HUH?**



HA!

HA!

WHO

KNOWS

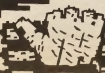
WHAT

THESE

PEOPLE

THINK?

THINK?





**THE ENEMY
IS FARAWAY**

**SO
THEY EAT
EACH OTHER
AT RANDOM**

